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TRAINING A GOLDEN EAGLE

COUNTRY LIFE

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TWO SHILLINGS



IN WINTER'S GRIP: HEADLEY HEATH, SURREY

Kenneth Scowen

classified properties

AUCTIONS

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 175

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CLASSIFIED ANNOUNCEMENTS
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COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. CXXI No. 3132

JANUARY 24, 1957



Yevonde

MISS CHARLOTTE PUMPHREY

Miss Pumphrey, the elder daughter of the Rev. M. E. C. and Mrs. Pumphrey, of Hunsdon Rectory, Ware, Hertfordshire, is engaged to be married to Mr. Adrian Alexander Bridgewater, son of Major P. A. C. Bridgewater, of Southdown, Tavistock, Devon, and of the Hon. Lady Wrixon-Becher, of Courtlands, Corsham, Wiltshire

COUNTRY LIFE

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IVY: FRIEND OR FOE?

OPINIONS so firm yet opposed are held, and have lately been expressed in these pages, upon the virtues and vices of ivy that some attempt to ascertain the facts about this poetic and picturesque if insidious plant is desirable. As a symbol of evergreen vitality and of faithful affection its literary and indeed ritual use goes back at least to the Greeks. As a visual feature its "partial concealment of regularity" was held to be an essential element of Picturesque, no less than was the "ivy mantled tower" of Romantic scenery. The most effective natural means of clothing a structure the shape or bareness of which is deemed unsightly, ivy to-day could have a valuable role to play in that camouflaging of intrusive industrial buildings for which so contemporary an architect as Sir Hugh Casson has lately called: if, that is to say, the accusations brought against it of deleterious effect can be found non-proven.

There are two distinct charges of damage: as against trees, and as against buildings. On some of these ivy's guilt is undeniable; on others it can be discharged with honour. But in many there appears to be some misconception of what the plant actually does, so that the popular verdict may at least be doubted. Ivy is shallow-rooted, partial to moisture and lime, attaching itself to a subject by aerial roots on its shoots, which, slender and penetrating at first, become branches of considerable girth and strength. The growth and foliage form in time a thick covering that excludes both light and rain but harbours insects and birds, not only owls but "the yellow bees in the ivy bloom." Whether its action is harmful depends entirely on whether these characteristics conflict with those of the subject. In the case of shallow-rooted trees, such as fruit trees and pines, the ivy's roots can deprive the tree's roots of their nutrients; but there is no evidence that its aerial roots extract anything from the bark, and its constricting strength, much less than that of the honeysuckle, is no match for the expansion of a healthy deep-rooted tree such as an oak. But it can smother a light-demanding tree like the ash or the larch. The belief that ivy kills trees may thus be true of a few species of tree, but arises also from its predilection for the moribund. In any case, ivy detracts from the beauty of any healthy tree.

On buildings ivy is said to be harmless where the walls are completely sound, monolithic, or jointed with cement mortar. If the facing, even when of great age, satisfies these conditions, ivy can serve as an additional protection, but of course it also renders the subject invisible. This is the most valuable service ivy can perform for a building, or part of a building, which is better not seen. But on any that can be considered as architecture ivy should be allowed only under constant and strict supervision. The

great majority of these, however, are ancient buildings, with joints of old lime mortar or constructed of more or less friable stone, and so are ready victims for ivy's predatory capacities. Its roots will disintegrate the foundations, its expanding tendrils disrupt the joints and roof and, if moisture is present in these, strike roots in the structure until the branches are in fact its sole support. While the leaves will protect the walls from rain, they will also shield them from the sun and prevent the drying out of rising damp in walls without damp-courses. On architecture, broadly speaking, no climbing plants are entirely harmless. On the other hand, their delights are so variously irresistible that, bearing these factors in mind, we shall all go on planting them—and may look forward to the time when it will be possible to paraphrase the Georgian poet and exclaim:

*Ah! then most happy, if thy vale below
Wash with an uncontaminated rill
The atomic reactor's ivy-vested walls.*

WINTER DRIVE

THE misty blue was deepening, and one star flickered:
"Tricky light for driving," Robert said.
Wisps of smoke were pluming from the cottage chimneys:
"Worst of country lanes, it's always 'Major Road Ahead.'"

*All the copper glory, and the soft droop of the willow
Mingled in the darkness, and soft the river flowed.
"Can't understand these chaps who drive at thirty
"Plumb in the middle of a decent road . . .*

*"Here we are," said Robert. "Not much of a drive though,
"Only clocked up eighty once; she's due for over-haul."*

*But I was dreaming still of the ghost-shapes in the meadows,
And the coming of the darkness, and the white owl's call.*

MARGOT CROSSE.

THE FIRST FLOWERS

"FIRST born of the year's delight" is only one of many salutes given to snowdrops in the last two centuries. In our own times there is almost a convention for praise and admiration to be showered on this flower, which has no known mention in English before the time of Charles I—and then usually as "bulbous violet." Much of the current snowdrop-worship is frankly sentimental: such terms as Candlemas Bells and February Fairmaids are recalled, and one reads of little white faces braving the bitter snow. Then there are the stories of returned soldiers having brought improved varieties from the Crimea to Skye and other places. Now snowdrops are delightful, and anyone who grudged them their acclaim would be churlish. But should the equal "bravery" and the charms of the year's first gold be quite so thoroughly overshadowed or smothered? New Year's Gifts is an eastern counties name for the winter aconite (and it was used by Edward FitzGerald in letters to Fanny Kemble in 1881 and 1882), but Lyte's Little Yellow Woolfe's-bane of earlier times is perhaps more engaging. Wolf's-bane presumably, like aconite almost certainly, flows from a generic confusion with that very different plant which has the name monkshood to its credit. Perhaps someone could invent a good name for the ruffed dwarfs whose gold constitutes the first of the year, normally to be seen rather before the white bells of snowdrops. It is interesting that the early history of *Eranthis hyemalis*, like the early history of *Galanthus nivalis*, is dim and obscure. Nobody knows when or whence these first two flowers of the year were brought to Britain.

THE RABBIT IN AUSTRALIA

NO more than in this country has the rabbit in Australia entirely succumbed to myxomatosis. Though extremes of climate have recently reduced rabbit breeding, and a poison known as 1080 has been systematically used, the rabbit is still there. Research workers have shown the tendency of the myxomatosis virus to become less virulent, and of the rabbit to

acquire some resistance to it. At least 150 strains of the virus are known to exist, of which the well-known type known as the French tends to become steadily weaker. Recommendations have been made in Australia that large-scale inoculations with the most virulent strain should be carried out next spring and summer, when conditions are most favourable to the spread of the disease. Such inoculations may be necessary here if the present campaign to wipe out the rabbit does not succeed. As well as being of such practical importance, the course of this disease and the reaction of the rabbit to it form an object lesson of the way in which nature is constantly redressing the *status quo*, making sure (as long as man does not take a hand) that the victim does not become too much reduced in population, so that the predator becomes extinct from lack of hosts. The tendency is always for a weakened strain of disease to exist on a partly resistant strain of host. Our struggles against fungus diseases and insect pests show how rapidly many organisms can adapt themselves genetically, whether it be against poisons or resistant strains of plant or animal host.

CONSIDER THE VIRUS

DO we dread the virus too much? So many viruses are insidious and deadly enemies, so much publicity has been given to them, that we may tend to invest every virus with the attributes of the worst. The thought is prompted by a conversation overheard at a London flower show. Two gardeners were discussing an African violet of unusual heliotrope and white colour. One commented on its beauty, the other warned that it should be left alone, for it was certainly virus-infected. He may well have been right about the infection, for it would not be the first time that unusual plant colouring had been caused by a virus. But such plants have been cultivated for centuries without alarm before anyone knew anything about viruses, and no great harm appears to have resulted. The "broken" tulips with their wonderful feathering of colour upon a white or yellow ground are notable examples. For generations they were the only tulips esteemed, and some of the old varieties are still grown, apparently in almost unimpaired vigour. Not all viruses are obviously harmful and some may well be positively beneficial. There is an odd condition of apple trees known as rubbery wood which leaves the stems pliable throughout the first year, though later they stiffen normally. Affected trees have a rather attractive weeping habit and often crop heavily as a result. Yet expert advice is always that such trees should be destroyed as a potential danger to others. It may be that another generation of gardeners will judge differently.

FARM BUILDINGS

HAVE farmers enough knowledge of the design and lay-out of buildings to enable them to make the best use of the £50 million farm improvement grant that is soon to be available? This will be taxpayers' money. The other two-thirds of the outlay will be found by landlords and farmers themselves. There is a big problem here, and there is good sense in the suggestion made by an agricultural economist, Mr. K. Rassmussen, at last week's Oxford Farming Conference, when he urged the need here for the much closer study of the economics of farm buildings which has been developed by research institutes in Scandinavia, Germany and Holland. It seems a mistake that at least £1 million of public money is not to be devoted to finding out what to build with the remaining £49 million. We have the National Agricultural Advisory Service, and there are a few advisers in each province who are on call and farmers can seek their advice. They should at least know some of the mistakes to avoid because they have seen what other farmers have done in tackling the problems of building conversion to save unnecessary labour and wasted hours. The great need for regeneration is on the smaller, less economic farms, and naturally the occupiers of these will not in many cases have clear ideas about the regeneration needed to save costs and improve the profitability of their holdings. There ought to be a rule that no improvement grants for buildings will be given unless the project has been approved and the cost checked.



DAYBREAK ON AN ESSEX FARM

John Tarlton

A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES

By IAN NIALL

AT various times, when they have been in the news, I have wondered how the herds of "wild" goats in the mountains of Wales and Scotland were first established. It seemed too much to believe that they had simply grown up from a few strays gathering from hill farms. An explanation was offered the other day when I read of some trouble being given to Forestry Commission workers in the Llyn peninsula of North Wales by four supposedly wild goats. The goats are, or were, living in a 250-acre planting and, according to an account in the *Liverpool Daily Post*, were thought at first to be strays from a "wild" herd in Merioneth. After enquiries had been made the four goats were discovered to be of local origin, but it was evident that, if not actually wild-bred and ownerless, they were animals most likely to establish a completely "wild" herd in the locality. The farmer who admitted ownership revealed that the goats belonged to a herd descended from stock put on the hills of a farm owned by his grandfather 80 years ago. The purpose of the original herd was to graze the more remote part of the mountain, thus making their owner's flock of sheep confine itself to the lower ground.

* * *

AT the moment of writing the four goats, and presumably others of the herd that are not trespassing on the forestry area, are still alive and making the best of what herbage—and young tree shoots—they can discover. Those on the plantation will almost certainly have to be shot, for it would take an army to round up a goat on a mountain. There is nothing more agile and nimble, as I have witnessed more than once. Does a goat eat more than a sheep? I am not in a position to say, but to keep the grass down and discourage sheep from wandering on that account would require a substantial number of goats. One supposes that goats were released in the old days as a long-term policy in the hope that they would breed and graze a wide area of poor land. It must have seemed an excellent solution, and, if the goats, like the mountain ponies, came downhill in the autumn it was, and is to-day,

necessary to remove sheep to valley meadows to keep meat on their bones.

I imagine the authorities would have something to say to anyone turning goats loose on the hills to-day. There are "wild" goats in the Welsh mountains, but I haven't come across anyone who has made a count. It would be something of a feat to get within range of a herd to take an accurate census. Whatever the numbers of the "wild" goats to-day—they are bound to be diminishing if only through inbreeding and the degeneration of stock—they are not needed on the mountain to keep the sheep within range of the shepherds, for the shepherds now manage their sheep by communal efforts, dipping, shearing and gathering as a body. There are fences and walls on the mountains, but where these are absent natural boundaries—streams and gulleys—serve the purpose of keeping the flocks, mixed up as they may be, within certain grazing limits. "Wild" goats would be most unwelcome, for every acre of grazing is of value. If the shepherds are often encountered with guns in their hands, this is to combat the fox and the carrion crow, and the goat is something not commonly found on the sheep walks, at least in the part of the mountains I know well.

* * *

WHILE on this subject, I was interested in the recent news about wallabies, which are said to be breeding in the hills of Derbyshire and existing on heather and bracken. I wonder how they fare in winter. The heather declines until it is nothing but tough stems and fibres, and the bracken rots in no time. I wonder if the wallaby that was found with severe shotgun wounds had been on arable land or in a plantation. The original stock came from a zoo, I believe, and it is astonishing that these antipodean animals have been able to survive on the inhospitable hills of Derbyshire. I shouldn't be surprised to learn that they discover easier pickings as they multiply. Wallabies and kangaroos do an immense amount of damage to crops and pasture in Australia. If they do not

breed quite so rapidly as rabbits, they are capable of grazing and travelling over a wide area. Perhaps we shall hear of a fence being put round Derbyshire in the next decade or so!

* * *

IT has always been plain to me that there are horses and horses, dogs and dogs, and birds and birds—that is to say, creatures out of the common run, exceptional dogs, horses and hens. We have had an exceptional cockerel for a number of years, a gallant fellow who is now pensioned off in a small run with an adequate, if rather matronly, harem, but the new White Sussex cockerel is proving himself an out-of-the-ordinary bird, too. He shows no gallantry at all. He struts as cockerels do, but he has, I have come to the conclusion, an inferiority complex. The hens seem to be aware of this. They pay very little attention to his strutting and unashamedly peer through the wire to get a glimpse of the Light Sussex Lothario who lords it in the adjoining run. The White Sussex, whom I have mentioned before, has something about him that reminds me of a raven I once knew, a bird that looked at one with a certain knowing look. The raven had a guttural smithy oath or two at the tip of his tongue—is it not an odd thing how a talking bird reproduces the tone and accent of its teacher?—and used to let its owner down by swearing in his master's voice when the minister held a preaching meeting at the adjoining rural schoolhouse. Our White Sussex doesn't talk, of course, but he might. It wouldn't surprise us at all.

* * *

IT began to show up, this outstanding character of our new cockerel, when we were rebuilding the henhouse that had been taken down in the orchard and transported to the kitchen garden. As with most of our construction work, things have to be done in sound, solid and Bristol fashion. Hammer and nails will not do for us. We bolt things and use wood screws. Each time a screw was picked up the White Sussex, who lingered at our elbows and heels, stuck out his neck and took note. When the screw was put in its hole, he drew nearer and pushed forward to peck at it. The screw

was tightened and again the cockerel inspected it, looking first at it and then turning his head to look into our faces as though to say: "Do you think that will hold?" There seemed no doubt that he knew what was what. He had grasped the principles of henhouse building. From the moment this inspection began there was no keeping him out. He was there as overseer and intended to stay on the job. In time we began to turn to him and say: "Passed?" He knew what we meant. We will swear to that. He would look at us with a knowing expression and wait for the next move, whether we handled the screwdriver, the timber or the bolts. He was interested in everything, without the slightest doubt. The remaining members of the flock stumbled about like stupid hens when we happened to walk their way, but he walked with us and took an intelligent stand where he could see all. This, we have noticed, he does all the time. Is he, we wonder, a re-incarnated engineer, architect or carpenter?

DURING the afternoon, while the henhouse was still being reconstructed, a twin-engined jet 'plane came roaring over the cliff and dived almost into the henrun. The White Sussex cock just shot out his neck, but the rest of the birds came into the henhouse in a mad panic, flying on to our shoulders, beating us

about the ears with their wings, threatening to blind us or claw the eyes from our heads. The White Sussex made one indignant sound and then turned to look at the screwdriver. "Out you get, you stupid old things," we said, and to the white cock: "Not you, of course, old fellow. You know what it's all about!" And he does, of that we are convinced. Whether he will ever breed a strain of White Sussex for us—we have a white sport in the flock—I don't know, but he is certainly a bird of distinction, a thinker. It is already obvious that here is another family pet and one that will never die violently at our hands.

AS a countrywoman immured in London I was interested in your reference to the giant puff-balls," says a reader, who continues: "They certainly are edible—cut in strips and fried in butter or bacon fat, or simmered in stock and/or milk, sieved and turned into a pleasant soup. I should know, as I always pounce when I see one and use it amid cries of 'You're not going to eat that!' They are very similar to the white part of ordinary mushrooms. The interesting thing to me is their rarity and erratic appearance. I remember seeing one (only) at Welwyn Garden City about fifteen years ago, a small one, and a group of three or four at Hertford—in different years

and about half a mile apart—and last year a magnificent group of six or so between Digswell and the Great North Road. The largest of these was the biggest I have yet seen, and from memory was about 40 inches round its fattest part. I think I would say, if questioned as to the site, that the one constant factor was elm trees."

The postscript to this correspondent's letter made me smile:—"My husband ate the last and largest puff-ball, and is still with me!"

REMEMBERING the biggest puff-ball I have found, I can say that it was growing beneath a pair of elm trees and not far from a ridge on which I have often found mushrooms. I intend to visit this spot during the year and see if I can find another puff-ball which I might have for supper. After receiving very useful advice about how to cook a char, I arranged, last summer, to go char fishing on a lake near Llanberis. I might have gone alone, but, knowing very little about the habits of char, I preferred to go in the company of an expert. Alas, although I awaited a summons almost every week of the season, it never came. Presumably the char expert was, like myself, too intent upon catching trout, or perhaps salmon. I have char fishing and char for dinner to look forward to, and may catch one in the season to come, petrol supplies permitting.

THE GHOST OF A FOREST

By GEOFFREY GRIGSON

TOWNS obliterate or cover too much of their old surfaces. In the country the surface, until something like an Ice Age—or an aerodrome—comes along, is a true palimpsest. It can be searched, scrutinised, tooth-combed for clues, remnants, surviving neglected details of things and conditions and old surfaces and associations which exist no longer.

My windows look across to a special palimpsest—to low hills which were once, but a long while ago, a forest, a royal demesne. I used to drive and walk across these hills without

knowing that they had once been the Forest of Braydon. Yet I detected differences. I did not analyse them; but I felt that this was an area with its own characteristics, its own confines. Looking back, I realise it was not the scattering of surviving woods and old, isolated, heavy-limbed oaks which attracted me so much as a tone peculiar to this tract of country. Here was a loneliness of wide-edged roads, the edges of which had, so it seemed, an aboriginal quality, as well as an aboriginal flora. Here was a loneliness of several thousand acres, in which every

cottage and farmstead (there are not so many) appeared more or less a newcomer, not quite naturalised.

And when I learned that all these Wiltshire acres had once been a forest of woods and wastes and commons, the clues fell into pattern. The trees, most of them, had gone, the wastes had been enclosed, the farms had arrived. But they were farms on poor, stodgy soil, holding the water. They were half-hearted farms, or so it looked from their undistinguished buildings, which have an air of being without roots.



TOWN HALL AT WOOTTON BASSETT, WILTSHIRE, WHICH LIES ON THE SOUTHERN EDGE OF WHAT WAS ONCE BRAYDON FOREST. In the Middle Ages Braydon was a royal forest, but it was disafforested in 1635



LOOKING ACROSS THE SITE OF BRAYDON FOREST FROM PAVEN HILL, PURTON, NEAR SWINDON. "HERE WAS A LONELINESS OF SEVERAL THOUSAND ACRES"

Old numbers of the local archaeological society's magazine gave me a rough idea of the ancient original bounds of this forest (which lies between Wootton Bassett, on the south, and Cricklade and the Upper Thames on the north); and I took to exploring Braydon, in which kings had hunted the red deer, hunting instead for clues and flowers and funguses. Always I encountered mud which held me as fast as liquid rubber, or else a resounding, dried-out soil, cracked and unyielding as timber. Every village, every township which had to do with the Forest, I soon discovered, was itself outside the Forest, or else on the fringes.

Even some of the special plants of the green lanes and road verges of Braydon spoke of a heavy desolation. One of them is the pretty grey and silver-seeming sneezewort, the less universal of the two wild yarrows.

Another was mentioned by John Aubrey when he wrote of Braydon. "In Bradon Forest grows very plentifully rank woodwax"; which (still there in quantity) is dyer's greenweed, low and tough, and like broom in miniature. Poor women once pulled it with their hard hands and sold it to the Wiltshire and Gloucestershire dyers for the belly-nourishing sum of eighteen-pence a hundredweight. So this woodwax or dyer's greenweed along the Braydon roads, spoke not only of desolation, of a soil left to wilderness and not taken in hand by British or Roman or Anglo-Saxon farmers, but also of poverty in the sad hovels of the Forest and its surrounding villages.

Every time I went to look for ceps along a ride or for butterfly orchids in some dark brake in the Forest, I might come back well bitten by its mosquitoes. Yet Braydon took hold of me. It became even a mild obsession, a little perversely, perhaps. I looked up the name of the Forest. What did *Braydon* signify? The volume for Wiltshire of the Place-names Survey didn't enlighten me. At any rate, Braydon was an old name. It was in Anglo-Saxon documents. Indeed, in a very English county, it was pre-English, signification unknown.

Pre-English as well, I found, were the

names of the other forests of Wiltshire—once so wooded a shire that (in Aubrey's words) "a stagge might have ranged from Bradon Forest to the New Forest," which overlaps into Wiltshire; "sc. from forest to forest, and not above four or five miles interval." Savernake Forest, which everyone knows along the Bath Road, on the London fringe of Marlborough, Penchet Forest, Melchet Forest, Chute Forest—their names were all Celtic, said the place-name

surveyors. Penchet (later known as Clarendon Forest), Melchet and Chute all embody the old Celtic word *cēto*, which signifies a wood. Selwood Forest, which spills into Wiltshire from Somerset—that, too, was once called *Coit Maur*, the Big Wood. Penchet was simply the familiar Penquite, Wood End, which I had known as a farm name in Cornwall.

Matters were improving. To discover that Braydon was so ancient a name, a vocable once



BRAYDON CHURCH, NEAR PURTON, "LITTLE, SAD, DAMP, LONELY TABERNACLE"



THE MANOR HOUSE AT PURTON

on the pre-Anglo-Saxon tongues of Wiltshire, gave a new savour to its rather sad green hills and wide basins, its long expressionless silent roads, all wedged into the apex of a triangle skirted by the Roman roads of the Fosse Way to the west and Ermine Street to the east. The Romans passed by, one may think, hardly venturing into this black forest. The English, in the 6th century, came and possessed themselves of Wiltshire. The black forests—Braydon included—were still black, formidable and grim; still retained, even for the new-comers, their old names, which now took on themselves a poetry of the foreign and unfamiliar.

I looked at the other names. Wootton Bassett, my shopping town, on the south, was the wood *tun*, the forest farm, or forest village, which belonged to the Bassett family in the Middle Ages. Indeed, it was still bordered by trees (I like to think of this as I go down its slightly one-eyed main street, along a ridge) when Braydon was disafforested in 1635 and more or less absorbed at last into the agricultural pattern. So, at any rate, John Aubrey says. To quote him again, in his regret for the passing of the forests, he was told by an elderly acquaintance who lived within the forest bounds that "at the time of the disafforesting a squirrel might have jumped from tree to tree between Wootton Bassett and Brinkworth Churchyard"—a distance of some three miles of grass land.

Cricklade, on the north, was not a forest name, meaning no more than the "rising ground by the passage"—i.e., the passage or ford over the Thames; which was crossed here, incidentally, by the long Roman road of Ermine Street on its way from Silchester to Cirencester. A few other names were rewarding. Several, for instance, ending in "ley-", for *leah*, a clearing in the forest; and among them Leigh, which is the name of one of the Braydon parishes. One or two names preserve the French word *purlien*, which means land on the edge of woods. The name "Lip Gate Mead" recalled a leap-gate, a forest gate high enough to keep the villager's cattle out of woods and coverts in the Forest, low enough to allow the King's deer to leap, to come and go at will.

Also there were still, I found, in or near the remaining woods, several farms or houses bearing the names of the old Lodges of the forest officers—Penn's Lodge, White Lodge, Leighfield Lodge.

The end of the Forest came actually, as I have mentioned, in 1635, twenty-two years after a report which shows how Braydon had dwindled. The report said that the forest was not above four miles long, and was about two miles wide; but much had been leased, cleared

and enclosed since the days when King John had come to mediaeval Cricklade for the hunting. The trees in the Forest, "for the most part pollard trees of Oake," were in bad condition. So many cattle—"a surcharge of cattell"—were pastured there from the villages that there was no feed for the deer, which were not plentiful.

But when, save for a few woods, the last of the Forest was enclosed and turned over to farming (to the betterment of the royal purse), there was trouble. Fences were torn up, feeling was high; the villagers all round felt ill-recompensed for their old rights. Their cattle and pigs could no longer roam for their food. Their habits, their comfortable ruts, their lives and notions were assailed. When Pewsham, another Wiltshire Forest over by Lacock Abbey and Chippenham, was disafforested, the poor people made a rhyme, according to Aubrey:

*When Chipnam stood in Pewsham's wood,
Before it was destroy'd
A cow might have gone for a groat a year
But now it is denied.*



DESERTED COTTAGE NEAR PAVEN HILL AT THE EDGE OF BRAYDON FOREST

"The metre is lamentable," says Aubrey, "but the cry of the poor was more lamentable." If cows cost a mere groat apiece (i.e., 4d.) for the year in the Pewsham Forest, pigs went for nothing. He added that as a result of the disafforestation and enclosure the highways were "encombred with cottages and the travellers with the beggars that dwell in them." The old forest folk—perhaps it was the same at Braydon—were forced out to new roadside hovels and reduced to penury.

Yet another of Aubrey's complaints was that disafforestation had exterminated the martens in North Wiltshire, the animal with "the richest furre of our nation."

We possess about Braydon, a clerical antiquary once remarked, rather loftily, no "sensational or romantic traditions of the Robin Hood school, or of robbers and marauders of a lower class." Yet in walking about the Forest area, how much, after all, there is to see and contemplate—little cottages along the roads, several of them now deserted; commons by name which are no longer common; isolated stag-headed oaks which must have known, at any rate, the last of the red deer and must have fed with their acorns the last of the pigs; also roadsides still gay with Aubrey's rank woodwax. And the towns—at any rate Wootton Bassett, the "wood tun" or "forest tun," joined now in rural-district-council wedlock with Cricklade. Saving their presence, what dismal little towns, now as heretofore, in their day as rotten boroughs! Is their urban half-heartedness, I wonder, inherited from the era of the Forest? Are they dismal now, as when Cobbett saw them in his rural riding, from an old proximity to the poverty of woods and wastes?

In the mid-19th century a small civil parish was made out of Braydon; it was given a small (and, I think, never consecrated) church. One day, recently, I went into this little, sad, damp, lonely tabernacle; and was at once suspiciously followed in by a man white and thin and coughing, from a neighbouring cottage. No wonder, because it was a church no one ever visited.

Not so far away, to be sure, the name and substance of Braydon Forest are resurrected. There are notices, fire-beaters and new small plantations of the Forestry Commission. Still, this is forestry; with which aboriginal Braydon had little to do. I prefer to survey the aboriginal Braydon from ridges below which the surviving woods and glades seem to collect themselves even now into a mediaeval hunting ground. And sometimes I look down on the dark green of oaks from Paven Hill, at Purton, and see, as they appear, glade and green forest to the very horizon.

A HUNTER WITHOUT FEAR

By J. WENTWORTH DAY

THE village carpenter in the little Highland town of Fort Augustus looked up from his shavings as a tall man, bearded like a bush, magnificent in Highland dress, strode into his workshop with the air of a chieftain. The little carpenter stood, as before royalty. "Measure me for my coffin! I want it within four days!" commanded the man with the eagle eyes, the sun-burnt face and whipcord muscles. He looked the epitome of health. The carpenter quaked. "Aye, Sir," was all he could stammer. "It shall be done."

The tall man left the workshop. He swung up the street in the clear Highland sunlight, with the step of an antelope, the pride of a lion. That morning he made his will. Twenty-four hours later he was dead.

Thus, on March 24, 1866, at the age of 46, passed out of this life Roualeyn George Gordon-Cumming, the father of South African big-game hunting. They called him The Man Without Fear and The Gentleman Poacher. They said he had second sight. That is why the carpenter did not question that macabre order on the morning of March 23.

Roualeyn was the younger son of Sir William George Gordon-Cumming, Bart., of Aylre and Gordonstown, a Highland laird with vast estates, and was a great-grandson of the sixth Duke of Argyll. Educated at Eton, he served in the Madras Cavalry and the Cape Mounted Rifles, before he was 24. The Army was too tame. He became a professional hunter. Bred to the misty mountains of the Highlands, Savage Africa, as then they called that largely unknown continent, fascinated him. Roualeyn was a born hunter, a pioneer, a romantic. He feared nothing and no one.

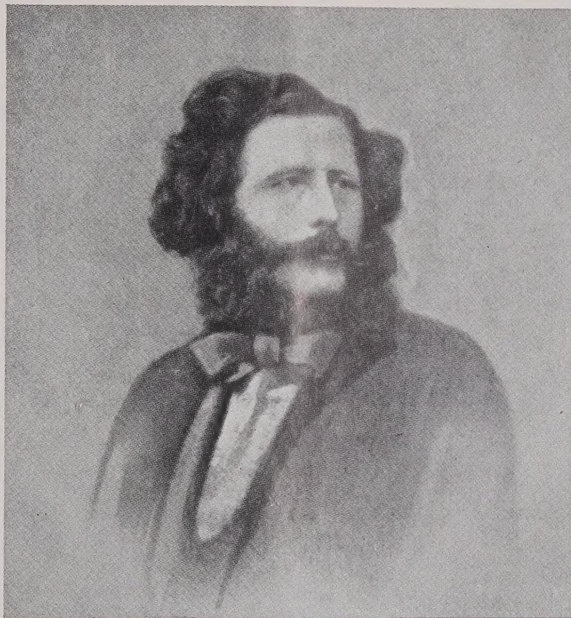
For 20 years he roamed the bush and the veld of Africa like a king. Clad always in Highland dress, his kilt flaunting in the wind, an eagle's feather in his bonnet, attended by a ready-made clan of from 50 to 250 blacks of the Bamangwato and Bechuana tribes, his one English attendant an ex-Cockney cabman, he was little less than a god in his lifetime. He remains a legend to this day.

A dead shot, a magnificent horseman and a tireless walker, he was a giant in strength. His armoury consisted of three double-barrelled rifles and three double-barrelled shotguns, all of them muzzle-loaders. He carried in his two ox wagons nearly a quarter of a ton of lead for making bullets, 10,000 ready-made bullets, 400 lb. of gunpowder, 50,000 percussion caps, 2,000 gun flints and £200 in cash. That was his outfit for a 12-month safari into the unknown.

Imagine him, therefore, setting off, aged only 25, towards the Mountains of the Moon under blazing sun, and indigo skies at night, into the land of lion and rhino, hippo and wildebeest, wild dogs and baboons, with his Cockney cab-driver, his three native gun-bearers, his horse and his wagons, determined to find out or die.

Almost the first thing he ran into was a grand migration of antelopes. He describes this as "a dense living mass of springboks," marching slowly and steadily along, "from an opening in a long range of hills on the West, through which they poured like some great river, to a ridge about a mile to the north-east, over which they disappeared." They took more than two hours to pass, in a column half a mile wide. These vast herds, which devastated the country like locusts, were small meat compared to the elephant, rhinoceros and lion which were his main quarry.

Gordon-Cumming hunted lions on horseback as other men hunt foxes. One day, when a lioness went off at full gallop, pursued by him at break-neck speed, he tried the power of the human voice. He says: "I shouted loudly to her to halt, as I wished to speak to her. Upon which she suddenly pulled up and sat on her haunches like a dog, with her back towards me, not even deigning to look round. She appeared



Picture Post Library

ROUALEYN GEORGE GORDON-CUMMING (1820-66), A HIGHLANDER WHO BECAME A GREAT AFRICAN HUNTER. "For 20 years he roamed the bush and the veld of Africa like a king"

to say to herself 'Does this fellow know whom he is after?'"

The next moment the lioness sprang to her feet, turned and bounded towards him, growling like thunder. Roualeyn sprang from his horse, knelt down and fired. The bullet hit the lioness. "Upon which she charged with an appalling roar and in the twinkling of an eye" sprang upon Roualeyn's horse, and tore a gaping wound a foot long.

Says he: "I was very cool and steady and did not feel in the least nervous . . . ready with my second barrel for the first chance she should give me of a clear shot. This she quickly did, for . . . slewing her tail to one side, she trotted sulkily past within a few paces . . . I pitched my rifle to my shoulder, and in another second the lioness was stretched upon the plain—a corpse."

He repeated this ice-cold trick a little later. He and his man, Ruyter, came suddenly on two lionesses, 70 yards off. Roualeyn, with only one shot in his rifle, stalked them, fired and wounded one. The second lioness bolted. The wounded animal "wheeled right round and came on, lashing her tail and showing her teeth and making that horrid, murderous deep growl."

Instead of bolting, which would have been fatal, Roualeyn stood bolt upright, raised his useless rifle high above his head, fixed his eyes on the crouching, advancing lioness, who was creeping up on him, tail switching, ears flattened, blood-curdling roars coming from her snarling mouth, and suddenly shouted out, in what he artlessly described as "a clear commanding voice." "Hallo, old girl, what's the hurry? Take it easy! Hallo! Hallo! Take it easy, I say."

And, believe it or not, the bluff worked. The lioness halted. She "seemed perplexed." Who, indeed, would not at the spectacle of a six-and-a-half-foot Highlander, in kilt and bonnet, standing on a rock, holding an empty rifle above his head and shouting, "Hallo, old girl, what's the hurry?"

The lioness, taken aback by this apparition, looked round for the other lioness, who had disappeared into a reed-bed. Meanwhile Roualeyn backed slowly away, talking to the lioness all the time. And, says he, "she seemed undecided as to her future movements and was gazing after me and snuffing the ground when I last beheld her." When he put the whole bizarre story of his adventures into a book, which swept London in a wave of literary excitement, Dr. Livingstone himself gave the lie to those who said that Gordon-Cumming was a liar.

One night, at a waterhole, he shot an antelope and then, rifle unloaded, fell asleep under the cold African moon. He woke to a rushing of light feet, "as of wolves and most unearthly sounds." Raising his head, he saw he was surrounded by scores of wild dogs. They will tear a living man in pieces. And his rifle was unloaded! Roualeyn sprang out of his hole, waved his blanket and addressed "my savage assembly in a loud and solemn manner." They bolted.

Another night, lying in his hole with rifle, blanket and pillow, he watched six large lions and about 50 hyenas and jackals snarling over a dead rhino he had shot. For three hours he waited for the lions to come and drink at the waterhole by which he lay. They came, all six—to within a few yards of him. "One of them stretched out his massive arms on the rock and lay down." Then an old lioness spotted him in his hole. She moved forward, "her eyes fixed full upon me . . . the better to cultivate my acquaintance."

Roualeyn shot her. The heavy bullet went clean through her. She bounded forward with blood-freezing roars. The rest followed, in a cloud of dust. By some God-sent stroke of luck they missed the man in the hole and swept over him. One old lion stopped, looked back. Roualeyn fired, missed him. Again a miracle happened. The lions cleared off. Roualeyn could hear the lioness snarling in thick cover. And then, in the white African moonlight, he did the one thing that only fools and supermen ever bring off. He went into the cover on foot to find the wounded lioness. Fortunately, she was just twitching in the last seconds of death.

His deeds made him the hero of our fathers when they were at school. Every boy read the exploits of the "lion hunter." He was the idol of youth, a man of real deeds. His advice to would-be lion hunters is a masterpiece of understatement. Listen to this: "Lion hunting . . . is decidedly a dangerous pursuit. It may, nevertheless, be followed . . . with comparative safety by those who have naturally a turn for that sort of thing. A recklessness of death, perfect coolness and self-possession, and acquaintance with the dispositions and manners of lions, and a tolerable knowledge of the use of the rifle, are indispensable to him who would shine in the overpoweringly exciting pastime of hunting this justly celebrated king of beasts." From which you will see how dead easy it all is!

He was a star exhibit at the Great Exhibition of 1851. Thousands flocked to hear the bearded Highland hero in his kilt, surrounded by lion, elephant and the rest. He was, however, no respecter of persons and "on one occasion in London so grossly shocked and insulted the ladies that a riot nearly ensued." Then he went up to Fort Augustus and opened a museum of his trophies. Tourists flocked to see him.

Every deer forest for miles round was his hunting ground. He became the Gentleman Poacher on the grand scale. He swore to get a certain mighty stag in one of Lord Lovat's forests. When a local laird died, Lord Lovat ordered his head stalker not to go to the funeral unless he was sure that Roualeyn would be there also. Roualeyn turned up at the stalker's house on the burial morn, a red rose in his buttonhole.

"Ye'll no wear a rose at a funeral?" queried the stalker.

"When it's all over, I'll leave it to you," Roualeyn replied, and swung off down the road.

Satisfied, the stalker changed to funeral garb. Roualeyn, out of sight, made for the forest, shot the stag and carried home its head. When the stalker, standing at the graveside, heard the shot far up the mountain he made for the sound—and found a headless stag with the red rose pinned to it.

For years, Roualeyn showed that head in his museum with the boast: "It belongs by right to Lord Lovat."

The man who feared not death never quite grew up.

THREATENED BUILDINGS

IN order to further the excellent work of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, COUNTRY LIFE has agreed to publish from time to time lists of threatened buildings which deserve to be saved and which might still be saved if a purchaser or user could be found.

No property will be included in the list unless the Society has already tried every available means of finding a buyer. Hence this appeal to a wider public will in most cases be final, and urgent action is essential. Readers who are interested either in purchase or in making practical suggestions for an alternative use should write direct to the secretary of the Society at 55, Great Ormond-street, London, W.C.1, and not to COUNTRY LIFE. It should also be made clear that we cannot undertake to include properties which have not been nominated by the Society itself.

Previous lists appeared in COUNTRY LIFE of August 18 and November 17, 1955, and June 28, 1956. The fourth list is as follows:

Chillingham Castle, near Alnwick, Northumberland. This historic castle, dating mainly from the 14th century, but altered in the 17th, is built round a courtyard with four corner towers. The accommodation consists of about fifty rooms on four floors, and grounds extending to about 25 acres are available. The owner is prepared to lease the castle to an organisation.

Great Maytham, Rolvenden, Kent. The house, overlooking the Rother valley, was designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens in 1910 and employs the early Georgian style of the original house that it replaced. The building, which is in good condition and lends itself to conversion, has been acquired for demolition, but has been temporarily reprieved by a Building Preservation Order. To save it permanently, however, a use must be found for this distinguished house.

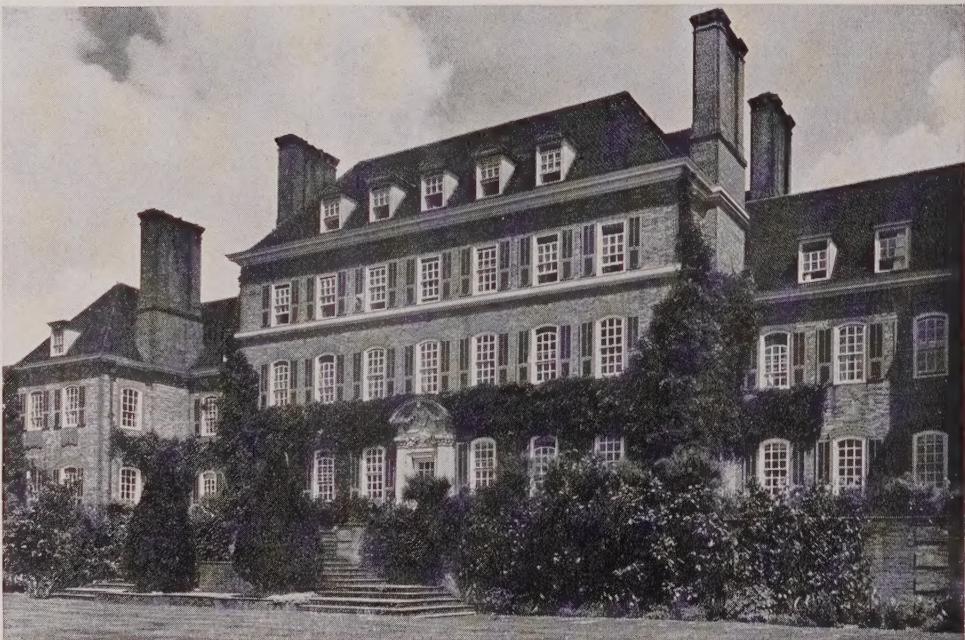
Kenyon Peel Hall, Little Hulton, Lancashire. This interesting 17th-century house, one of the finest examples of black-and-white timbered architecture in the north of England, is being offered as a gift by the owner to any organisation that can undertake to preserve it in good condition. It was built by George Rigbye in 1634 and sold to the Kenyons in 1657. Despite alteration in the 18th and 19th centuries, the house retains great architectural character and has many historical associations.

Heath House, Leintwardine, Herefordshire. A red-brick 17th-century house containing a double staircase, good panelling and plasterwork. It is structurally sound, and the Society has prepared a scheme for its reconditioning.

West Bower Farm House, Durleigh, Bridgwater, Somerset. This old house, which local tradition claims to be the birthplace of Jane Seymour, Henry VIII's third wife, is threatened with demolition. It dates from the 15th century and was enlarged in the 17th. The



CHILLINGHAM CASTLE, NORTHUMBERLAND



GREAT MAYTHAM, KENT



KENYON PEEL HALL, LANCASHIRE. (Right) HEATH HOUSE, LEINTWARDINE, HEREFORDSHIRE



WEST BOWER FARM HOUSE, DURLEIGH, SOMERSET. (Right) THE RANGER'S HOUSE, FARNHAM, SURREY

Bridgwater Council, to whom the house belongs, would be willing to grant a long lease of the property, which lies on the edge of Durleigh reservoir.

The Ranger's House, Farnham, Surrey.

This remarkable little building, in a park-like setting near the Castle, was built by the Bishop for his titular ranger about 1700, and is interesting for the ogee heads of the first-floor windows. These appear to be original, in which case they are an early example of Gothic revival. The house is in danger of demolition, but is structurally sound and could be easily converted to provide at least four good bedrooms.

Trelawne, West Looe, Cornwall.

Application has been made to demolish this grey stone house, which, although altered in the 19th century, is mainly of the Elizabethan period with Georgian additions. Until recently it was a home for retired clergy.

Cardington Manor, near Bedford.

A moated house dating from the 16th century, but with late Georgian Gothic embellishments. The house is not large and the structure is sound, but it will be demolished if a purchaser is not found.

Cottages at Essendon, Hertfordshire.

A row of ten late-17th-century cottages—1-6, Church Cottages and 1-4, Stoney-lane—that form an important visual element in the lay-out of the village. They are structurally sound and fully capable of repair, but will be demolished by the local authorities unless a buyer can be found.

Bourne Park, near Canterbury, Kent.

A tenant is still being sought for this handsome red-brick house, built by Dame Elizabeth



TRELAWNE, CORNWALL

Aucher in 1701 and for many years the home of Sir Horace Mann, Horace Walpole's correspondent. The grounds were landscaped by W. A. Nesfield in the 1840s. The fabric and internal decoration are in good condition, and the owner is willing to let the house for a long period.

Howsham Hall, near Malton, Yorkshire.

No purchaser has yet been found for this important house, one of the finest in Yorkshire. The exterior is largely Jacobean, but the interior was reconstructed in the second half of the 18th century. It is in a good state of preservation.



BOURNE PARK, KENT. (Right) HOWSHAM HALL, YORKSHIRE

TRAINING A GOLDEN EAGLE

By K. A. PERKIN

IN 1954 I wrote to the Falconmaster of the Austrian Falconers' Club asking what the chances were of getting a young eagle. We each had difficulty in translating the other's letters, and the original enquiry resulted in the arrival of a young male eagle in August, 1955, in spite of an effort to cancel it owing to the uncertainty of my movements by that time. The eagle was flown from Vienna in a light frame box, with sides of wire netting covered with hessian. This box kept the freight expenses down, but caused fraying of the tail and primary feathers which found their way into the wire netting. The cost of this journey, with Customs dues, was £22 10s. Customs clearance was granted, and the eagle was permitted entry under the heading: "Other animals unfit for human consumption."

The afternoon of his arrival, Hannes, as he was to be named, was taken into a darkened room and released from his prison. This, in itself, was an exciting event, as he frequently struck at my hands in trying to make an opening in the box. Finally he was out, the box was removed, the room was cleared except for a table and the electric light was switched on. When he had jumped on the table, the room was put in complete darkness, and, wearing a fencer's mask, overcoat and gloves for protection, I tried to fit 18-in. leather jesses to his legs. After considerable fumbling and perspiring, it was obvious that the mask and overcoat were unnecessary, and with gloves on there was no feeling; so the jesses (strips of leather, attached one to each leg) were placed on gloveless, a feat for which I have since admired myself. An acquaintance told me that it took three men to jess his female eagle. With the aid of a hood over the bird's head, this would not be necessary; one was subsequently sent from Austria.

Once the two jesses were on, a swivel was attached to the two ends and a quick-fix type of dog lead, used as a leash, connected to the swivel. The next step was to get him to feed, from the gloved left hand, in subdued light. He did this with no hesitation and was set down to rest after demolishing three chicken heads.

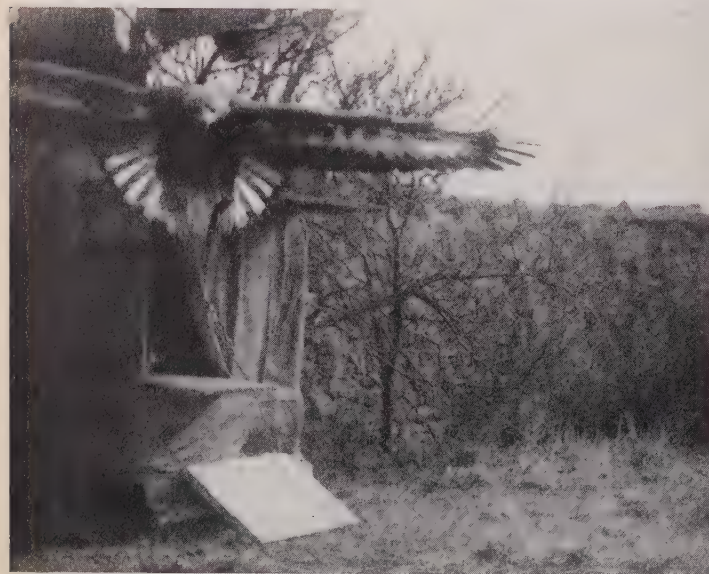
Not having kept so large a predator before, I was uncertain how he would behave when approached. He looked as if he was prepared to jump at me, but normally settled for grabbing the food in my outstretched gloved hand with his powerful talons. The leather gauntlet proved to be too thin and had to be padded with felt and horse hide. The right hand required a glove also which was reinforced, because he frequently struck at it. Though the talons had been coped (cut) it was still a painful experience to be caught by him in an extremely powerful



HANNES, THE AUTHOR'S GOLDEN EAGLE. The author found him no harder to train than falcons and hawks, and has flown him successfully at quarry



HANNES ON A LURE, MADE IN IMITATION OF A RABBIT. In the background is a tyre used in place of a block perch



HANNES COMING IN TO HIS EVENING MEAL. "It was an alarming sensation, since his airfield appeared to be my head rather than my arm"

grip. There was no pulling away, and one had to wait for him to relax.

Apart from grabbing any moving thing within range of his talons, Hannes was well mannered and not given much to bating (jumping off his perch). He has occasionally nipped my ear or cheek out of inquisitiveness. He was placed out of doors within four days of his arrival, and training began by calling off from his shelter to my outstretched arm, which always held food. The first hops were short, but within a fortnight he would come 15 yards. At this distance it was an alarming sensation, since his airfield appeared to be my head rather than my arm. Also 11 lb. landing on my body caused me to

move a few paces in order to balance; 15 yards was acceptable to both of us.

He was now trained to jump to food attached to a crutch—an upright pole with a cross bar—on which he was to be carried in the field. Without this device, 10 to 20 minutes' carrying on the arm is ample. Once he had lost his fear of the crutch and jumped to it, he was introduced to a lure—a stuffed rabbit skin with food tied to the head. This would be pulled on a long string, from out of a flower bed or from behind a tree. This appealed to Hannes much more than flying to the gloved hand or crutch, and he would readily come from the start. He was reluctant to release the lure after eating the food, and would often walk away with it in the direction of his shelter, and occasionally he would behave like a dog with a bone. Sometimes he would leave it in favour of the tit-bits held in the hand, and then would be taken back to be thrown off again at the lure.

Making in can be a problem, especially when he is on a freshly killed rat, domestic rabbit or pigeon. Twice he has turned on me, thinking I was going to rob him completely of his food, and it was most fortunate that more severe injuries were not inflicted to my legs, at which he struck.

The winter evenings prevented any serious training from taking place except at week-ends.

Carrying was done in the dusk, and he usually sat with the family in the drawing-room from 7.30 until 8 p.m. Half an hour was all he could manage, before becoming restless and preferring to return to his own quarters. The day of flying him free was October 18, 1955, after a period of concentrated handling given on some service leave. He is now flown regularly in the country each Saturday afternoon. His manner changed about November, and he no longer made passes with his cruel talons, or objected to being stroked with the open hand by myself. He still will not permit strangers near his home, and will fly at them if they approach too close.

No serious attempt was made to fly him at quarry until March, 1956. There is little that he can be flown at, now that the rabbit has almost disappeared. On one occasion, in December, he was released in open country when a hare got up some twenty-five yards away. Hannes swung down wind and easily bowled him over. The hare ran on a straight

course and made no attempt to escape. On subsequent occasions when hares happened to appear in the vicinity, he had less success, owing possibly to his not being sufficiently hungry, or to the twisting and turning of the hares.

On March 26 a party of five of us, including Hannes, set out with Mr. Frank Healy, a fox-hunter from Cushendall, Co. Antrim. Our object was to see if the eagle would show any interest in a fox driven from its rocky den. A considerable portion of the morning was spent in walking to various lairs and then waiting for the terriers to drive out the fox. My concern was that the eagle might well fly at one of the dogs if given the chance, but, as it was, he showed little interest in them after an hour or two.

The dogs finally located a foxes' lair, as their excitement indicated, and we all deployed around the site and awaited the vixen. It was not long before she came out and off went Hannes. Unfortunately, two guns blazed away at the same time and killed the vixen, but Hannes,

who had not yet heard gunfire, considered discretion the better part of valour, and flew off to a neighbouring hill, where he was joined by a pair of ravens. He was taken up and returned to the dead vixen, off which he ate a full crop.

Mr. Seton Gordon has emphasised the intelligence of eagles in his recent publication *The Eagle, King of Birds*. In comparing them with other trained falcons and hawks, I consider that they respond more quickly, soon recognise their trainer's voice, and do not waste endless energy in bating from their bow perches or blocks.

Hannes would reply to my voice through closed doors when called after one month, and would remain in the vicinity of his shelter for hours if undisturbed, even though he was untethered, being content to jump from tree stump to rubber tyres especially placed around for him. He would be free for three hours and, though he would go off 50 yards, he would always return to his shelter.

A NEW STOCK-FODDER PLANT

By GRAY USHER

TRIAL crops of a new stock-fodder plant, the topine tuber—a cross between the ordinary artichoke and another of the same family from South America—were raised during the past season in south-west Somerset. The topine, which has already become popular with many German farmers, combines a number of unusual features which recommend it to farmers and smallholders who desire the maximum yield per acre over a considerable period. Among its several advantages is the fact that it flourishes on very poor soil and in places unsuitable for any other arable crop.

Its harvest is spread over two periods: first, that of the top crop, consisting of the tall stems and leaves, which can either be ensiled or put through a grass drier and milled for meal; second, the root crop, in the March following the cutting of the green growth. The tubers are fed in the same way as potatoes; where the location is suitable the folding of pigs over the land to do their own digging is worth considering.

On the Somerset farm in question the planting was a little late in 1956. Owing to pressure of other work the green harvest was held back, with the result that the topine stems

were woody at harvest time, and while no difficulty was encountered when they were passed through the cutter-blower to the grass drier, the fibre content was high and the protein disappointingly low—4.9 per cent.—upon analysis. Against this, it should be remembered that the yield per acre of the green crop was about 20 tons, to be followed in March this year by a root harvest which will, judging by other results, be about 8 tons per acre.

Samples from other experimental growers have returned over 10 per cent. crude protein in the dry matter of the topines—a fact which underlines the importance of taking the green harvest of these plants while the stems are still sappy, and before leaf-fall. These plants were harvested at least three weeks before the Somerset crop.

As the topine stems rise to a height of seven feet or more, wide spacing of the individual roots and the rows is advised, as dense cropping results in the damping off and loss of leaves on the lower parts of the stalk and a consequent fall in the green content. The tubers should be planted in March during the weeks following the lifting of the previous year's crop; it should be borne in mind that the topine needs a full year's growing time if full advantage is to be taken of the root or tuber part of the harvest.

On the other hand, these plants are wonderful cleaners of weedy ground if planted close like potatoes. All weeds die out under the dense foliage, including such persistent pests as couch grass and bindweed, so that, if the pig-folding system suggested earlier were adopted, the loss of protein on the top crop might well be balanced by the cleaning of dirty land by a combination of topine and pigs.

The bottom crop matures and is lifted in March, when on many farms stock fodder is running low; this is a great advantage, especially when one recalls that the topine tubers have been growing in size and number all through the months when other root crops have been occupying valuable storage space in the farm buildings or have called for the expenditure of high-priced labour on making a clamp.

As to the correct harvesting time for the top crop, the past season's experience suggests the last week of September or first week of October as best in a year such as 1956. The criterion is the state of the stem and leaf: the former should be sappy and moderately soft, the latter luxuriant and plentiful. Once leaf fall begins, the fibre content of the stem will increase rapidly and the protein content fall.

If we take all the factors into consideration, there appears to be a place for the topine tuber in our farming programme.



(Left) CROP OF THE TOPINE TUBER, A NEW STOCK-FODDER PLANT AT PRESENT BEING GROWN EXPERIMENTALLY. The green crop is harvested in late September or early October, the roots in the following March. (Right) EXAMINING ROOTS OF THE TOPINE TUBER. The plant is a cross between two varieties of artichoke

RACING NOTES

MEMORIES OF A GREAT STEEPLECHASER

By DARE WIGAN

"TALL oaks from little acorns grow," goes the verse, and this idea of greatness applies as much to bloodstock as to anything else. Certainly it is true of Golden Miller, the most brilliant steeplechaser of the century, who died the other day, aged 30, for whichever of the two stories concerning his origin one chooses to believe, there is no getting away from the fact that neither his sire nor his dam was of great account.

The more romantic of the two stories, though each contains the essential ingredients, tells how a British Army officer, recalled to his regiment at the beginning of the first World War, left his hunter mare, Miller's Pride, in the care of Lawrence Gerahty, a farmer and breeder of Co. Meath, and never returned to claim her. And Gerahty, in the hope of her getting foals that would pay for her keep, sent her to a succession of local stallions and, finally to Goldcourt, a little-known sire by Goldminer, to

to hounds, gave up the unequal struggle and returned home in disgust. Worse was to follow, for the following morning the colt was found to have strained a tendon, and veterinary opinion was that it would be at least a year before he would be able to do any strenuous work.

With a normal horse, a pulled tendon takes a long time to heal, and the veterinary surgeon called in by Briscoe was probably not being unduly pessimistic when he prescribed twelve months' rest. Nevertheless, within six weeks of his unhappy day with the Fitzwilliam Hounds, Golden Miller had run third in a handicap hurdle race at Newbury, and two months later he won a hurdle race at Leicester. The fact is that Golden Miller had exceptionally sound limbs that enabled him to stand up to the rigours of steeplechasing, and when, as in the instance referred to above, he did sustain an injury, his

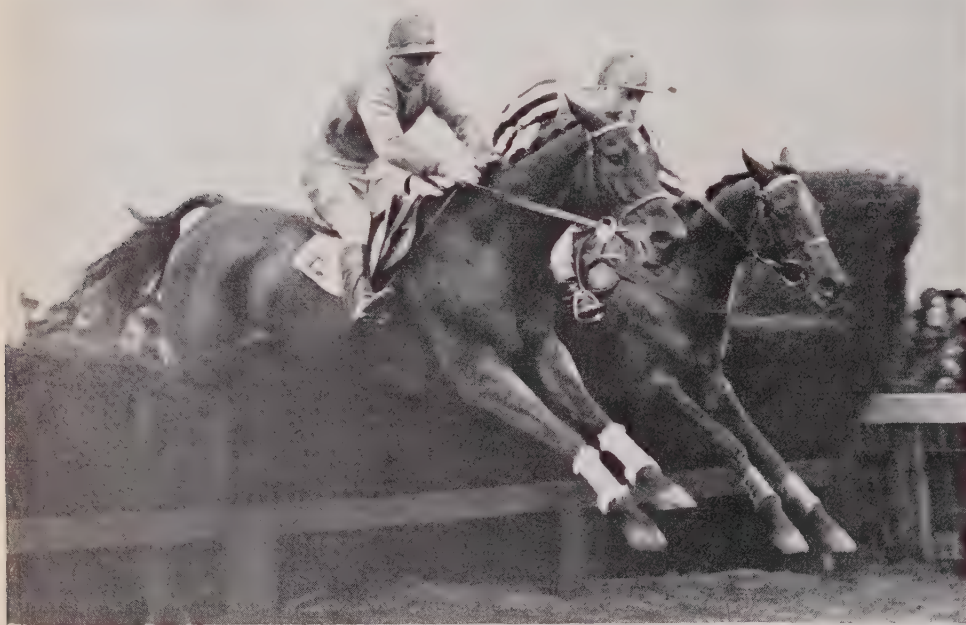
which time he had won 29 races to the total value of £15,202. His first success in 1932 was in a three-miles' steeplechase at Gatwick, and this was followed in March by the first of his five Gold Cup wins, when, ridden by T. Leader, he defeated Inverse by four lengths. In 1933, when, ridden by W. Stott, he won the Gold Cup a second time, he beat Thomond II and five others with the utmost ease. And then, in 1934, after a third consecutive victory in the Gold Cup, came his one Grand National triumph. And, indeed, it was a triumph, for Golden Miller, carrying 12 st. 2 lb., won the race by five lengths in record time from Delaneige, Thomond II and 27 others.

Although Golden Miller gave one of the finest exhibitions of jumping ever to have been seen in the Grand National, he did not like the Liverpool course, and Wilson, who rode him to victory in 1934, recalls that the previous summer Briscoe told him that he did not think the horse would ever win a National. Moreover, Golden Miller's Aintree record, with the exception of his one great victory, includes a number of falls, and, though one or two of these were brought about by bad luck—on more than one occasion he was brought down—the fact that he took to refusing in the Grand National suggests that, being an intelligent animal, he came to the conclusion that he had had enough of these particular obstacles. But at Cheltenham it was a different matter, and to see him fly the fences on the Prestbury Park course was a sight never to be forgotten.

Opinions about what was Golden Miller's greatest triumph differ, but for sheer excitement there was nothing to equal his victory in the Gold Cup of 1935, for which there were five runners. On the face of it, the race was almost a formality for "The Miller," for his only serious opponent according to the betting was his old rival, Thomond II, and Golden Miller had almost invariably come out the better of the two. Moreover, he was a year the younger. But, whereas Golden Miller preferred the going soft, Thomond II liked it hard. And on Gold Cup day it was brick hard.

Those who were at Cheltenham on that memorable afternoon will have no need to be reminded of the details of the race, but those who were not can capture some of the excitement from the account of G. Wilson, who rode Golden Miller. "My only fear," he writes in Volume XXXII of the Lonsdale Library, "was that it might be a slow-run race, but I need not have worried, as, after jumping the third fence, Jack Fawcus on Mr. J. Rank's Southern Hero took up the running and made the pace such a cracker that the Miller was on the stretch from then onwards. At the second last fence Southern Hero cracked, and then Thomond II and the Miller raced absolutely level into the last fence; but Golden Miller just stayed on the better up that gruelling finish to win by three parts of a length."

In 1936, Golden Miller, now trained by O. Anthony, at Wantage, in Berkshire, won his fifth consecutive Gold Cup, and in all probability he would have made it six the following year but for the fact that the race was abandoned owing to snow, for it seemed that he had shed little, if any, of his brilliance. But by the time the race came round again he was eleven and was no doubt beginning to feel his years, and, though he struggled gallantly, he went under by two lengths to Morse Code. But he had done enough for glory and to have earned the affection of all who had seen him perform at Cheltenham, his favourite course, where his popularity was on a par with that enjoyed by Brown Jack at Ascot. And when, in 1950, he was ridden round the arena at the White City during the International Horse Show by G. Wilson, his partner on so many great occasions, horse and rider received a tumultuous welcome. That was his last public appearance, and after it was over he returned to Miss Paget's stud farm at Elsenham in Hertfordshire to continue his honourable retirement.



GOLDEN MILLER (NEARER CAMERA), WHOSE DEATH AT THE AGE OF THIRTY WAS ANNOUNCED RECENTLY, WINNING THE GOLD CUP AT CHELTENHAM IN 1935. This famous steeplechaser won the Grand National in 1934 and the Gold Cup five years in succession

whom, in 1927, she foaled a bay colt who was later to become famous as Golden Miller.

The second story makes no mention of the British officer, but suggests that Miller's Pride was bought just before the outbreak of war by James Nugent, an Irish breeder, for a client who eventually sold her to Gerahty. In any event, it is an established fact that Gerahty bred Golden Miller, and later sent him to the Yearling Sales at Ballsbridge, where he was bought for 100 gns. by a Mr. Quin, who kept him for approximately 18 months before passing him on to N. Galway Greer, a dealer.

In March, 1930, the late Basil Briscoe, a well-known English trainer, who had had some success with two of the earlier produce of Miller's Pride, heard of this young half-brother, who was as yet un-named, and bought him for £500. But first impressions of the colt were unfavourable, for Briscoe records how, after getting Golden Miller fairly fit, he ran him in a small hurdle race at Southwell on September 1, 1930, "in which he showed not the slightest promise, and in fact was so slovenly in his work that I really thought he would turn out completely useless." A day with the Fitzwilliam Hounds, with a view to finding out whether Golden Miller had any aptitude for jumping fences, was equally unrewarding, for he took each and every obstacle by the roots and was so slow between obstacles that Briscoe, a fearless rider

magnificent constitution helped him to recover from it far more quickly than the average jumper would have done. Indeed G. Wilson, who rode him to victory in the Grand National of 1934 and in three of his five consecutive victories in the Cheltenham Gold Cup, lays special emphasis on his soundness when he writes that "not one in a hundred would have stood the work he was asked to do, and he must have been a super horse in that respect."

In 1931, after Golden Miller had won over hurdles at Leicester, and again at Nottingham, and had then been beaten by a head in a steeplechase at Newbury, Briscoe sold him to Mr. P. Carr, who had horses in the stable, and who gave £1,000 for him. But before the summer was out he had changed hands again, being bought by Miss Paget for £6,000, which must have seemed a stiff price considering that he had only run twice in Mr. Carr's colours, the two races being on the flat, in both of which he was unplaced. But meanwhile, Briscoe had moved to Exning, near Newmarket, as private trainer to Miss Paget, and it is reasonable to suppose that by this time he was confident that Golden Miller would make up into a really good horse and advised his patron accordingly.

It was in January, 1932, as a rising five-year-old, that Golden Miller began in earnest the career that was to end on February 23, 1939, by

ENGLAND'S LATEST VICTORY AT CARDIFF

By O. L. OWEN

ENGLAND'S narrow victory at Cardiff last week-end by a penalty goal to nothing was only as decisive as the three points could make it, but, as a reminder of fundamental things by no means confined to Rugby football, it was well worthy of study and analysis. Rugger and philosophy may not seem to have much in common, but—to paraphrase a rather more questionable saying—another little think does no one any harm and there was room for plenty of second, and even third, thoughts after the Cardiff game.

Before the event it had been obvious enough that the sides were well matched, if not always in the same places. That at least was established by the result. The point, of course, was that this of itself need not have produced stalemate. On the other hand, it must be admitted that the modern conception of Rugby certainly invited it, no matter how much the players would have liked to engage in what is known as a fast open game calculated to keep a large crowd—however partisan—on the tip-toes of delight as well as excitement.

One need not doubt the intention of the English fifteen, at any rate, to attempt to win the match in the grand manner. Not only their own supporters but those of Wales credited them with the ability to do so. The known form, indeed, strongly suggested that England possessed backs with the superior scoring power and ample defence, as well as forwards sound enough to present the chances. Wales were especially fearful of the English three-quarter line—I think, with good reason.

From England's point of view, the obvious thing seemed to be to concentrate upon getting the ball out of the scrummage and away from the line-outs as cleverly and expeditiously as possible. Jeeps, at scrum-half, could be relied upon to play his part fully and the new pivot, Bartlett, if something of a question mark in his début on the Cardiff Arms Park, seemed likely at least to be an ample hander-on to the centres if the ball reached him often and quickly enough. England had no similar fear of the Welsh three-quarter line, but clearly held the two halves, Morgan and Brace, in exaggerated respect. That is, if one took into account the fact that those two brilliantly clever players, unlike the English halves, had only a strikingly ill-balanced three-quarter line to play to—Griffiths, faster and more agile than his veteran fellow-centre Thomas, and the two new wings not yet up to the highest international standard.

The Welsh pack, which contained five "British Lions," was bound to make its presence felt, but Welsh scrummaging in recent years had been so bad that, in the tight and line-out, there was a fair expectation of England's getting the ball sufficiently often, quickly enough, and at decisive moments.

Of course, no one left out of account the loose and the chances which so often come there—and, indeed, always did, even in those now far-distant days of formal Rugby. England here had three breakaway men of outstanding ability in Robbins, Ashcroft and Higrins, ubiquitous and deadly in defence as well as attack. As for the Welsh, Robins, Clem Thomas and a keen and lively, not to mention strenuous, new man in O'Connor—Ireland especially please note—could also be an important force. And so it proved, though largely in a negative sense.

Unfortunately for the game as a spectacle, both sides, except at brief intervals, when one had some glorious glimpses of the two English wings—Jackson, the inspired wraith, and Thompson, the well-nigh unholdable strider—and of Morgan, as Wales's main hope, concentrated more and more upon packing the field with obstacles for the runners. That, too, became progressively easier as the packs got to grips in a kind of soldiers' battle, and seldom broke loose. The heeling—who can doubt largely as a consequence?—became slower and uncertain. No doubt, also, the battering to which they were subjected by their immediate opponents eventually weakened the English



WELL MARKED. G. M. Griffiths, the Welsh centre-three-quarter, tackles D. F. Allison, the English full-back, as he is about to make a break in the Rugby International at Cardiff, which England won by 3 points to nothing

scrummagers and line-out experts to some extent, though they remained full enough of fight to the very end.

Here one must insert a special mention of a magnificently mobile and aggressive Ashcroft, who surely never can have played a finer game. Wales's outstanding forward, in the very occasional breakaway as well as tight, was Bryn Meredith, the hooker, as great an all-round player as ever he was.

Naturally, no one was quite satisfied with the way in which the main issue was decided. At least, it was appropriate that Ashcroft should have achieved the breakaway which led up to the line-out which in turn produced a masterpiece of lightning over-the-shoulder refereeing by Mr. Dickie. This caught the Welsh wing far away on the left defensive flank off-side, and, more than that, off-side virtually in front of the goal-posts. The incident occurred shortly before half-time and brought about the only score in a desperate but disappointing encounter. Allison, as a full-back, was not the polished performer T. E. Davies showed himself to be at the other end of the field, but he made no mistake with

this comparatively easy chance to turn the tables upon Wales for their lucky win by a single penalty goal on the same ground in 1954-55.

Perhaps critics and spectators everywhere expect too much, but it really did seem that both sides were unduly fearful of each other in conditions which favoured only fast and clever Rugby. England made the better use of their fitful chances in the open, but Jeeps, in the end, through no fault of his own and shrewdly enough, had to fall back upon the kicking to touch to which both of the Welsh halves were largely committed by the slow heeling of the forwards. Nearly all the near-scoring chances came from mishandling or when the backs, in the process of passing the ball, were rushed by the opposing defence, ever-watchful for the spoiling of any attacking move started under pressure.

Broadly speaking, however, England have done remarkably well to start their operations with a victory at Cardiff. Wales, for their part, will have to look to their three-quarter line if they are to hold any chance of retaining the title they won by so little last season. It would now surprise no one if Ken Jones were to be recalled and so enabled to proceed with his record-breaking run of caps.

No article about this latest victory of England would be quite complete without some attempt to scotch the legend that England generally come to a sticky end on the Cardiff Arms Park. Actually, of the 15 matches played there to date England have won six and drawn one. Four of the eight Welsh victories belong to a period of 21 seasons which preceded the war of 1914-18. The first match at Cardiff had been in 1892-93 and, though it brought only a narrow defeat, the subsequent three disasters occurred during the golden era of Welsh Rugby. Since England broke the spell in 1912-13, almost miraculously as it seemed at the time in the Cardiff mud, they have, in fact, more than held their own on that once fatal ground.

Between the wars, England went to Cardiff five times. In 1921-22 they were routed in a game of kick and rush, but of the four matches which followed at intervals they won two and drew one. Their only defeat was through two penalty goals in 1937-8. Since 1946-7 England have won three of the five matches played at Cardiff. Not since 1921-22 have there been more than six points between the two countries. No one would be foolish enough to underestimate the severity of a match on Welsh soil, but Cardiff by this time surely should have ceased to be regarded as the graveyard of English Rugby.



THE KICK THAT WON THE MATCH. The ball sailing high and straight between the posts after Allison had taken the penalty awarded against K. Maddocks for offside



1.—LOOKING EAST UP THE HILLSIDE TO THE BEECH AVENUE ON THE RIDGE. THE GATES AND RAILINGS (circa 1670) CLOSED THE FORECOURT OF LORD ARLINGTON'S HOUSE

EUSTON HALL, SUFFOLK—III

THE SEAT OF THE DUKE OF GRAFTON

By ARTHUR OSWALD

John Evelyn, William Kent and Capability Brown were all concerned with the landscaping of the great park, which was formed by Lord Arlington. The Temple, built in 1746, is one of the least known and most successful of Kent's landscape buildings.

A SUCCESSION of visitors from Evelyn onwards have recorded their impressions of Euston, which they went to see as much for the grounds and the park as for the house and its contents. Horace Walpole, in a letter to Horace Mann (June 20, 1743), described it as "one of the most admired seats in England," but qualified this by adding "in my opinion, because Kent has made a most absolute disposition of it." Then, after applying to Kent a line of Addison,

Can make bleak rocks and barren mountains smile,

he proceeded to fire one of his devastating salvos: "The house is large and bad; it was built by Lord Arlington, and stands, as all old houses do, for convenience of water and

shelter, in a hole; so it neither sees, nor is seen."

Arlington, in the construction of his Frenchified house, which by Kent and his fellow Palladians would have been ruled quite out of court, not only kept to the site but, as we have found, incorporated the fabric of the old Hall, which was probably an Elizabethan building. His gardens were of the formal kind usual in the 17th century and clearly demarcated from the park outside, in the planting of which he had the advice of Evelyn. Kent, when he came on the scene, to some extent blurred this distinction, introducing his favourite clumps of trees and serpentine the stream that flows past the house. Later, Capability Brown was employed by the third Duke of Grafton. Neither

Kent nor Brown, however, seems to have been allowed to sweep away the pleasure grounds beyond the south lawn, where there is a formal lay-out, with walks and vistas cut through it, in contrast to the park.

Euston to-day, in its vast extent of park and woodland, is the result of nearly three centuries of care and toil. In the creation of this great domain Evelyn, Kent and Brown have all had a share, and there have been later modifications, but credit for the achievement must go first to Lord Arlington and Evelyn. When Arlington purchased the estate, the house and its immediate surroundings down in the valley must have been a little oasis in the Breckland. On either side the soil, to quote Evelyn, was "drie, barren and miserably sandy, which flies in drifts as the wind



2.—WILLIAM KENT'S PROJECT FOR A NEW HOUSE ON THE EAST SLOPE, circa 1740. THE VIEW FROM THE HOUSE WESTWARD IS SEEN IN FIG. 9

sits." Yet, when one comes from Bury St. Edmunds by way of Ixworth and follows the now nameless stream through Honington and Fakenham, there is hardly a hint of the sandy waste. Woods and belts protect and screen the green valley.

The road keeps to the west bank of the little river, across which, where it broadens artificially into a winding lake, the house is descried among its trees (Fig. 6), its red brick glowing bright against the dark forms of yew, pine and cedar that stand out from the lighter foliage all around. The drive turns in when you are level with the house, crosses a bridge beside the old mill, and brings you to the stable court and the north front. The road, skirting the park, also crosses the stream farther on, making two sharp bends before reaching the village and continuing north to Thetford. Prolonged southward, the Thetford road enters the park by another approach now seldom used, and brings you to the east side of the house, which in Arlington's time was the entrance front. In the old painting of the house and church reproduced in the first article my Lord's coach is seen



3.—THE TEMPLE ON THE RIDGE FRAMED BY CLUMPS OF BEECHES



4.—A DRAWING OF THE TEMPLE, SIGNED IN PENCIL "J. VARDY, 1755," THOUGH MORE LIKELY TO BE BY KENT

approaching the entrance gates of the forecourt from the south. These gates and the flanking railings survived Kent's alterations and are seen in Fig. 1. Evidently the old approach, whether from Ixworth or from Thetford, was along the east, instead of the west side of the valley.

Arlington's building operations took place between 1666 and 1670. There was a park then, but, according to Evelyn, it was nearly a mile away. "I persuaded him to bring his park so neere as to comprehend his house within it, which he resolv'd upon." Any limitation of their activities there may have been must have been swept away when, in November, 1671, a royal licence to impark 2,000 acres in Euston and the adjoining parishes was received, and with it a grant of free warren. Evelyn thus refers to his share in the proceedings: "Here my Lord was pleas'd to advise with me about ordering his plantations of firs, elmes, limes, &c. up his parke, and in all other places and avenues." When the diarist stayed again at Euston in 1677, he found things "exceedingly improv'd" and remarked *à propos* the park: "The tufts of fir and much of the other wood

were planted by my direction some yeares before."

Evelyn's method of bringing the park to "comprehend" the house was to plant avenues on its east and west axes. On the east a double avenue consisting of four rows of ash trees came down the slope to the entrance gates of the forecourt. It does not come into the old painting, but shows in one of Prideaux's drawings. The avenue was continued over the brow of the hill away to the park boundary. Kent cleared the avenue from the slope, as also the one to the west, but left the eastward extension so that it now begins (as seen in Fig. 1) on the horizon. It is a magnificent avenue of beeches. On the crest of the ridge to the west, where the park ends on this side of the valley, Kent built a pedimented gateway with flanking lodges, in white Suffolk brick (Fig. 11). A lime avenue, known as the Duke's Ride, continues for several miles beyond. Looking



5.—A NEARER VIEW OF THE TEMPLE, BUILT IN 1746 AS A BANQUETING HOUSE FROM DESIGNS BY KENT

back through the arch, one sees the house down in the dip in alignment with the great beech avenue on the far side of the valley (Fig. 10). The "ascending walk of trees" mentioned by Evelyn came up the slope between this gateway and the house.

Among the features of Lord Arlington's garden especially remarked by visitors were the canal and the fountains. The little river then ran scarcely more than fifty yards west of the house, its old channel being still clearly traceable, and where it passed the gardens it was canalised. At the north end of the canal there was a cascade, which was used to work the water-mill and also to raise water for the fountains. Sir Samuel Morland, the great expert on hydraulics and mechanics, was responsible for the waterworks, and he devised "a screw-bridge," presumably a ferry, "being turn'd with a key," to reach the meadows and avenue on the far side of the water. Morland was also consulted by Lord Arlington about a scheme, which failed to materialise, for making the Little Ouse navigable from Thetford.

By 1731 the canal seems to have been abolished, for Sir Thomas Robinson writes of "a very pretty rivulet cut in a winding and irregular manner with now and then a little lake &c." between the garden and the park.

Morland's screw ferry had been replaced by "a wooden bridge built by Lord Burlington, with an arch that appears almost flat, and from hence you have a beautiful prospect of the water, which is indeed delightfully disposed." Sir Thomas, the Yorkshire gentleman architect, visited Euston on a tour and wrote an account of it to Lord Carlisle in which these passages occur. Arlington's gardens and forecourt wall had not been changed, but Lord Burlington's bridge and the serpentine of the stream, probably effected by Kent (though he is not mentioned), marked the beginning of the second Duke's landscape operations. Sir Thomas had a more appreciative eye than Walpole. "The park," he went on, "is about 9 miles



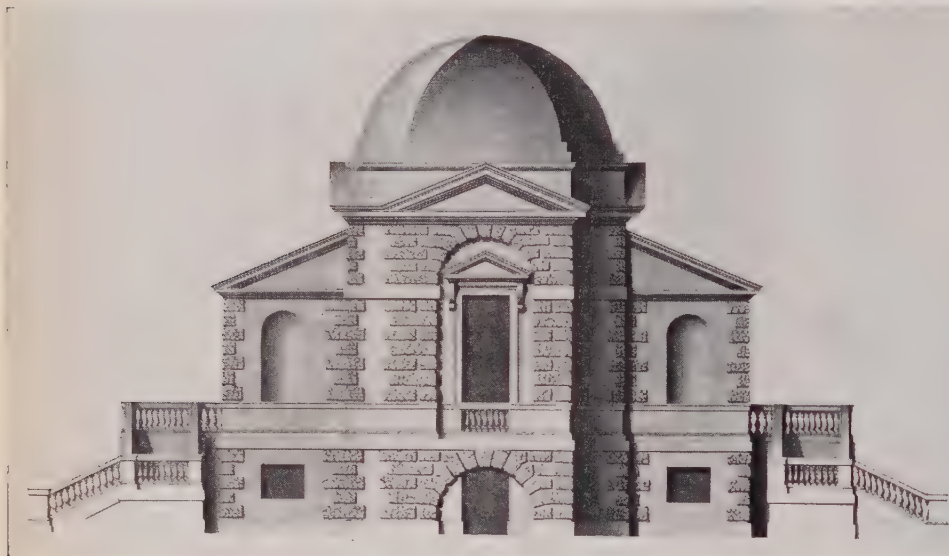
6.—THE HOUSE FROM THE SOUTH-WEST, SEEN ACROSS THE RIVER

about. The Duke has hitherto done very little to it, but is now entering into a taste, but nature has done so much for him, and his woods and lawns are disposed in so agreeable a manner, that a little art and expense will make it a most charming place. He has a wood out of the park something like Prettywood at Castle H(owar)d, which might be made a noble thing."

The second Duke was devoted to hunting and horse-racing. As Evelyn remarked of Euston: "This seate is admirably plac'd for field sports, hawking, hunting, or racing." Hawking was Lord Arlington's favourite recreation, but in the foreground of the old painting a stag hunt is depicted. The fox had become the quarry by the time of the second Duke, who continued hunting until he was 70 and then had a fall, the effects of which confined him to his room until his death three years later. Having inherited Euston in 1690 when a boy of seven, he was nearly fifty when he "entered into a taste." Kent's introduction to him may have come through Lord Burlington, but his fame as a landscape gardener would in any case have made him the obvious man to consult when the Duke began to feel that his house and grounds were old-fashioned. Important operations were in progress by 1738, for in a letter to Lord Burlington in the library at Althorp, dated November 28 of that year, Kent mentioned that he had just been to see "how the mighty works go on at Euston."

Two sketches by Kent, found not long ago rolled up at the back of a drawer, show that the Duke was invited to pull down his house and build a new one sited on the slope to the east looking across the valley (Fig. 2). Fig. 9 shows the view westward across the winding river to the opposite slope, on the crest of which the arch with the flanking lodges appears. This, we have seen, was built. We may mention here, by contrast with the proposed palace, the little Kentian wash-house for the occupants of the lodges, which stands a short way off screened from view (Fig. 12). Walpole told Mann that the Duke had no money to build another house; but, in fact, he did employ Kent to design him a house on his Northamptonshire estate—Wakefield Lodge, which was one of Kent's last works. The Duke was nearly seventy when, after Kent's death, he got Brettingham to remodel Lord Arlington's house in Kentian fashion.

Above the mansion in the drawing a domed building appears on the horizon (Fig. 2). This was the genesis of the Temple, as



7.—ELEVATION OF THE TEMPLE. PEN AND WASH



8.—THE OCTAGONAL BANQUETING ROOM IN THE TEMPLE



9.—SKETCH BY KENT OF THE VIEW WESTWARD FROM THE PROPOSED HOUSE (FIG. 2), SHOWING THE ARCH WITH THE LODGES ON THE HORIZON

Kent's most important architectural work at Euston is called (Figs. 3-5). Actually, it was intended as a banqueting house or for use when the Duke's horses were exercising in the park. As built, it was not placed opposite the east front but farther south along the ridge, though in view of the house. It is in the form of a domed octagon, raised on a basement, with flanking rooms, the sloping roofs of which carry on the lines of the central pediment (Fig. 7). Flights of steps with balustrades lead up to the rooms on either side. Rusticated masonry is used in studied contrast for the quoins and to frame the main window recessed in the arch; the plain wall areas are in the white Suffolk brick. Several elements in the design recall Kent's building at Badminton known as Worcester Lodge.

Inside, the large octagonal room has deep niches alternating with the doors and windows (Fig. 8). In one of the niches there is a chimney-piece, and this is matched in another by a dummy one, which is really a sideboard. A deep enriched entablature with modillion cornice runs round the room, interrupted at opposite quarters by tablets on which are the Duke's coronet and cypher and the date 1746. The building is now used as an estate cottage, to which it has adapted itself with surprising facility.

The Temple at Euston is one of the most successful, though least known, of Kent's designs for landscape buildings. There are two drawings of it in the Vardy collection at the Victoria and Albert Museum. Both have been signed "J. Vardy" in pencil at the bottom, but, apparently, in a later hand. The finished drawing (Fig. 7) looks as though it had been prepared for an engraving, perhaps for an architectural work never published. The sketch with the hunt in the foreground (Fig. 4) has the date 1755 pencilled after Vardy's name, but it is so like

Kent's sketches of similar subjects that the date and signature may be assumed to have been inserted in error, unless Vardy had assimilated the Kent manner so completely that he was able not only to imitate his architectural style but to draw in the same fashion. As one of Kent's associates and successors, he would almost certainly have had drawings by Kent in his possession, and the Temple at Euston may have been completed under his direction. Kent's framing clumps that appear in the sketch are now imposing masses much higher than the Temple itself (Fig. 3). Horace Walpole, for all his praise of the miracle-worker, thought the old woods at Euston "much grander than Mr. Kent's passion, clumps—that is, sticking a dozen trees here and there, till a lawn looks like the ten of spades. Clumps have their beauty; but in a great extent of country, how trifling to scatter arbours, where you should spread forests!" To which one may add, how much in landscapes, whether made artificially or by nature, depends on the size and age of the trees.

The second Duke was succeeded by his grandson, the Prime Minister. Of his son, the Earl of Euston, who predeceased him, no one has a good word to say. He married one of Lord Burlington's daughters and treated the poor girl so brutally that he was thought to be largely responsible for her death, which occurred only seven months after the marriage. The third Duke, whose political career coincided with the American War of Independence, was much censured by contemporaries, but he found a defender in Sir George Trevelyan, who has left this verdict on him: "an interesting, not unadmirable and most unlucky figure in history." He was happier at Newmarket and on his estates. At Euston he brought into cultivation an extensive acreage that had only been rough



10.—LOOKING EAST THROUGH THE ARCH TO THE BEECH AVENUE BEYOND THE HOUSE

grazing, and he assisted the rustic poet, Robert Bloomfield, who had been born at Honington, one of the villages on the estate. In Bloomfield's *Farmer's Boy* there are some rather pedestrian verses about Euston. To effect "improvements" in the park the Duke called in Capability Brown, who, Miss Dorothy Stroud has found, was employed at intervals right up to his death. The level of the lake, it appears, was more than a foot above the ground floor of the house. Brown lowered it by altering the dam. An engaging side of the third Duke's character is to be read in the epitaphs of some of his hounds cut on stones let into the park wall. Two of them run: "1788. Trouncer. Foxes rejoice—Here buried lies your foe" and "1799. Garland. The spotless rival of her grandsire's fame."

A span of 121 years was covered by the reigns of the second and third Dukes. The fire at Euston took place in the time of the seventh Duke. He fought in the Crimea, retired with the rank of General and lived to the great age of 97. He was the grandfather of the present Duke, tenth in the succession, who succeeded his cousin in 1936. The estate, though reduced to meet death duties and by requisition for an airfield, still embraces 11,000 acres with the park, which, whether for beauty or extent, has very few rivals in the whole of East Anglia.

Figs. 4 and 7, Copyright Victoria and Albert Museum.



11.—KENT'S ARCH WITH FLANKING LODGES AT THE PARK BOUNDARY ON THE WEST. BEYOND, THE DUKE'S RIDE BEGINS. (Right) 12.—A KENTION WASH-HOUSE

COLLECTORS' QUESTIONS

THE FIRST UPRIGHT PIANOS

WITH reference to your note on William Harper, piano-maker (Collectors' Questions, November 29, 1956, page 1225), I should be interested to know whether William Southwell (of 11, Gresse-street, Rathbone-place, London) has not an equal claim with William Stodart to be the maker of the first English upright pianoforte.

I have a square piano made by Southwell on which he describes himself as "Inventor of the Cabinet Piano Forte." I do not know Southwell's dates, but a pianoforte by him in a case of "elliptical form" dated "circa 1785" was shown at the exhibition, *English Taste in the 18th Century*, at Burlington House last winter.—DOUGLAS DAVIDSON, Wellside, Barley, Royston, Hertfordshire.

The American, Isaac Hawkins, of Philadelphia, is often regarded as having invented the upright piano in 1800. But he had been preceded by John Landreth, who patented an upright grand piano in 1787. Edgar Brinsmead in his *History of the Pianoforte* (1879) says of the upright grands of Landreth: "The upright grand was so unwieldy from its great height that the cabinet, invented by Southwell in 1807, or by Hancock, a musical-instrument maker in Westminster, a few years earlier, quickly superseded it." The next step was the "cottage pianoforte" invented by Robert Wornum in 1811.

William Southwell, it would seem, can be claimed as the first English maker of upright pianos if the upright grands of Landreth are excluded. On October 18, 1794, William Southwell took out a patent for an improved damper and addition of treble keys. The next year, on January 12, William Stodart, patented "an upright piano in the form of a bookcase" in which both the hammers and dampers were returned by weight.

A SEAL AND A MOTTO

There are in the possession of my family one or two of the old seals which have been passed down from generation to generation for hundreds of years. I enclose photographs of the oldest, one showing the pattern of the seal itself

and the other showing the silver "handle". The seal has my family arms (sable an eagle close or) with the inscription *Sigillum Fulberti ou le Rospee*, and was the seal of my ancestor Fulbertus dictus Rospear, who lived about 1216 to 1272 and was one of a family of Norman barons. The authorities at the British Museum say that the lettering might indicate a slightly later date but late 13th century is not impossible.

The silver cross handle is 2½ ins. high and has been welded on at a later date, probably in the 15th century. The pierced hands on each arm and the pierced feet at the bottom, with a heart in the centre, are clearly visible. The letters INRI at the top are almost worn away.

I have been unable to discover any similar handle in books on seals, or the significance of the adoption of a cross in a non-clerical family, and should be grateful if any reader could enlighten me. It is remarkable that such a small and much used article should have been passed down safely for some 700 years.—JOHN ROYDEN ROOPER, Winter's Grace, Shamley Green, Guildford, Surrey.

The type of crucifix in the form of a cross with the five wounds is not found before the 15th century, so that the seal cannot have been mounted on it before that date. The choice of a handle of this form may be connected with the motto, *Lux Anglis Crux Francis*, which is ascribed to the Rooper family and, being of the cryptic kind, may well be of ancient origin.

St. Francis in his vision saw a seraph with six wings in the form of a cross and bearing the Five Wounds of Christ, and thereafter he carried these Stigmata in his own body. The cult of the Five Wounds and their representation seem to have gained impetus from the story of St. Francis, to which the motto could have reference. Although the cross is not in the form of a seraph, it carries the Five Wounds of St. Francis's vision. A member of the Rooper family living in the 15th or early-16th century may well have decided that the symbol of his motto would be appropriate to join the seal of his ancient coat-of-arms.

A PORTRAIT FOR IDENTIFICATION

The portrait of which I send you a photograph is signed J. Highmore and dated 1740 or 1746. I wonder whether any of your readers can identify the sitter. Possibly there is an engraving of the picture. The man has always been called Horatio Walpole, but the likeness does not appear to be that of Baron Walpole of Wolterton.—EAN BAILLIE, 10, Chesterfield Hill, London, W.1.

Joseph Highmore painted many of his more notable portraits in the 1740s, but search among the numerous reproductions of them has failed to reveal the identity of this heavy-featured gentleman in a wig. He bears little resemblance to the known portraits of Horatio Walpole, who was created Baron Walpole of Wolterton in 1756 and who in 1740 would have been over sixty years of age. Nor is this Horace Walpole, the creator of Strawberry Hill, later fourth Earl of Orford.

The ink-well and quill-pen seem to indicate a novelist or miscellaneous writer, and there is a possibility that this may be an unrecognised portrait of



LATE-13th-CENTURY SEAL OF FULBERT LE ROSPEE AND (above) THE SILVER CROSS WITH THE FIVE WOUNDS ON WHICH IT WAS MOUNTED IN THE 15th OR EARLY 16th CENTURY

See question: A Seal and a Motto

Samuel Richardson, for whose novel *Pamela* Highmore painted twelve illustrations in 1744. Admittedly, it is not easy to reconcile it with

the rounder face and fuller figure of the portrait in the National Portrait Gallery, painted by Highmore in 1750, but the pose with one hand tucked into the breast of his coat is said to have been characteristic of the novelist, and the ink-well is similarly placed in the other portrait. Highmore's faces are reputed to have been painted rapidly at a single sitting, a practice which has added to the difficulty of their identification.

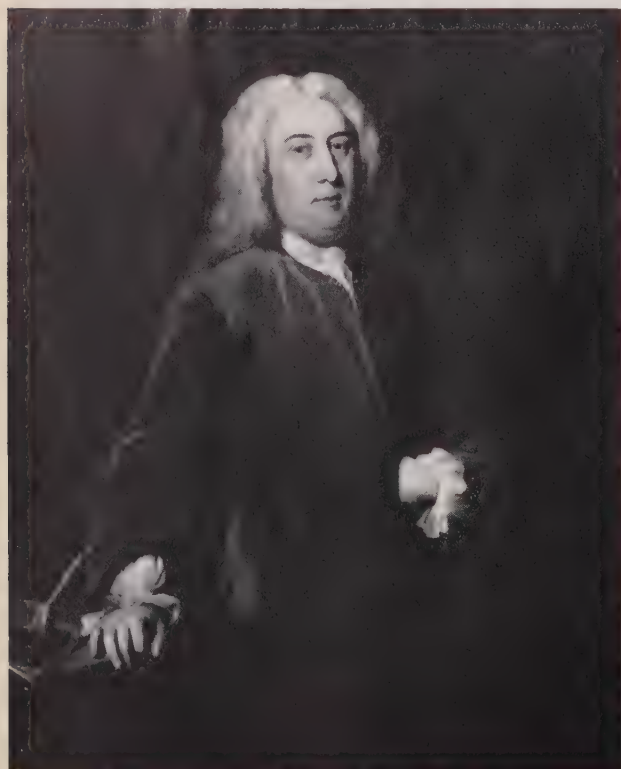
A NORFOLK CLOCKMAKER

I should be grateful for information about the maker of a grandfather clock bought in Cambridgeshire about sixty years ago. The case is of oak; the dial and its ornamentation are of brass. In a circle above the dial is the name "John Juler, North Walsham." Can you tell me when this clockmaker was working? My father was told that the case and the clock could not originally have gone together.—A. PHILIPPA PEARCE, 3, Platt's-lane, London, N.W.3.

John Juler, the maker of this clock, was working at North Walsham in the latter part of the 18th century. In the *Norfolk Chronicle* of February 10, 1781, he inserted an advertisement in which he described himself as a watchmaker. To judge by the drawings of the clock submitted, there appears to be no reason why the case should not be original to the movement. Many longcase clocks supplied by provincial makers in the 18th century had oak cases.

FIGURES AND TROPHIES ON A CLOCK

The clock seen in the accompanying photograph [page 153] was made by Joseph Wynn, of Windsor, about 1794. The figures and relief are of ormolu on an ebony base. The tree is a palm with a small cluster of palm nuts just below the face of the clock, which is surmounted by little bunches of flowers. The palm support has a military trophy between the two figures, and there



SIGNED PORTRAIT BY JOSEPH HIGHMORE, POSSIBLY OF SAMUEL RICHARDSON, THE NOVELIST

See question: A Portrait for Identification

are further military emblems in the relief on the base.

I should be interested to know what this strange assortment of embellishments represents. The figures, obviously country folk, might have held a flag or flowers at one time, for at the top of each clenched hand is a small hole. I shall be grateful for any information you can give.—S. C. BIGNELL, 39, Chichester-road, Kilburn, N.W.6.

It is unlikely that any particular significance, as for instance some military victory, was intended in the ornamentation of this clock. The palm tree and the military trophy were stock themes of Rococo decoration, which in odd ways sometimes persisted after the Rococo phase had become outmoded.

The two figures and the mounts are probably of cast brass supplied by a foundry to the clockmaker. The base, however, being of wood, may have been the work of a clock-case maker. Having obtained the cast brasswork ornaments and mounted them on the stand, the maker will have fitted his own movement and dial. Similar rustic figures occur in a design for a watch-stand of cast brass which we illustrate. This is taken from a founder's pattern book of late-18th-century date.

LADY HARRIET WALDEGRAVE

I enclose a photograph of a portrait of Lady Harriet Waldegrave, who married Lord Herbert and, after his death, John Beard, of Covent Garden. The painting was brought to



PORTRAIT BY AN UNIDENTIFIED ARTIST OF LADY HARRIET HERBERT (NEE WALDEGRAVE). HER SECOND HUSBAND WAS JOHN BEARD, THE ACTOR AND SINGER

See question: Lady Harriet Waldegrave

Canada about 1830 by Elizabeth Grey, wife of William Henry Norris, and has remained in the possession of her descendants ever since. Reynolds painted the Waldegrave sisters: is it possible that he also painted this portrait? We shall be grateful for any information about it. A small portrait of John Beard came with the one of Lady Harriet.—DORA WOOD, 26, Langley-avenue, Toronto, Canada.

Lady Harriet was the daughter of the first Earl Waldegrave and in 1734 married Lord Edward Herbert, younger son of the second Marquess of Powis, who died before the end of the year. Her second husband was the actor and singer, for whom Handel composed some of his most famous tenor parts. Their marriage took place in January, 1739, and is said to have been unusually happy. Lady Harriet died in 1753. She was aunt of the three sisters whom Reynolds painted in 1781.

The portrait belongs to the period before Reynolds and can be dated approximately



LATE-18th-CENTURY CLOCK BY JOSEPH WYNN, OF WINDSOR, WITH ORNAMENTS PROBABLY OBTAINED FROM A BRASS FOUNDRY. (Right) DESIGN FOR A WATCH-STAND OF CAST BRASS FROM A LATE-18th-CENTURY FOUNDER'S PATTERN BOOK

See question: Figures and Trophies on a Clock (page 152)

1745-50. It is not by Hudson or Highmore, who then led the field, but no confident attribution can be advanced. It has considerable charm to judge by the photograph, which, it would appear, does not show the whole canvas.

A BIRMINGHAM ARTIST

I enclose a photograph of a water-colour drawing I have, measuring 36 ins. by 22 ins. It is signed and dated very faintly in the right-hand bottom corner; the signature appears to be "Charles Burt" and the date 1812. Is anything known of this artist and the scene he portrays?—K. E. FRESSON, Old Meadows, Alders-road, Reigate, Surrey.

Charles Thomas Burt (1823-1902) in his day was a well-known painter in both oils and water-colour. His work in the latter medium is somewhat in the style of David Cox. He painted landscapes in many parts of England and Wales and also in the Orkney

Islands. In England he ranged over Worcestershire, Somerset, Derbyshire and Yorkshire, and he painted scenes in the vicinity of Birmingham, where he lived. He exhibited at the Royal Academy (18 works) and also at the British Institution and Royal Society of British Artists. There are examples of his work in the Birmingham Gallery, at Aston Hall and at Wolverhampton. It would appear that the date on Mr. Fresson's water-colour has been misread. It may be 1872.

Questions intended for these pages should be addressed to the Editor, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock-street, W.C.2, and a stamped addressed envelope enclosed for reply. A photograph or a careful drawing is often helpful, but in no case should originals be sent. Not more than two questions should be submitted at one time. It is regretted that estimates of market values cannot be given; nor is advice offered to readers about ways and means of disposing of their possessions.



WATER-COLOUR BY THE BIRMINGHAM ARTIST, CHARLES BURT

See question: A Birmingham Artist

MOTORING NOTES

EXPERT DRIVING—I. CORNERS & ROUNDABOUTS

By J. EASON GIBSON

A READER has asked me to describe the difference between the driving of the everyday motorist and of the expert. Partly because of the difficulty of answering such a question in a short letter, and partly because I think the subject is of general interest, I have converted my reply into an article.

One often hears ordinary motorists describing some famous racing driver as a born driver. However, with one or two outstanding exceptions, most of such drivers would themselves be the first to agree that, while it is possible to be born with the temperament necessary to become an accomplished driver, the most skilful drivers have become so through intelligent observation and constant practice. There are many driving schools and publications which make a good job of teaching the beginner sufficient to pass the driving test, and to progress from point to point, but there is much more to be learned.

COMPLETE CONTROL

On the highest levels of driving, as in riding, both "hands" and "seat" are of importance. With both perfect, not only will the driver have complete control over the car at all times, but the sensitivity granted him will enable the slightest action of the car to produce the right reaction almost instinctively. This sensitivity will also enable the driver to feel when his car is taking a corner at either the highest possible speed or with the least possible strain on the tyres and suspension. Those motorists who look on driving as a bore tend to think that all is well if the car is taken through a corner without swinging out on to the wrong side of the road, or actually touching the inner edge. At least, observation of their driving would suggest that such must be their thoughts.

A simple simile may help to make one point clearer. Once a heavily laden garden wheelbarrow is moving, even in heavy soil, it is quite easy to push, but the moment it becomes necessary to turn a corner more strength is required. Similarly, a car may maintain a speed of 60 m.p.h. on a straight road with a certain amount of throttle, but the moment a corner is started—assuming it is a corner which can only just be taken at that speed—the speed will drop slightly, owing to the increased drag on the tyres. This can be proved by an experiment on the road, and has already been proved repeatedly. In the 24 Hours Race at Le Mans in France, there is a very slight corner on the long straight stretch to Mulsanne, which could be taken in 1954 (maximum speeds have risen since then) at only slightly below the maximum speed of the fastest cars, about 160 m.p.h. The drivers of the Jaguars and the Ferraris found that unless every inch of the road was used—in effect, "straightening" the curve—in both entering and leaving the corner, the road speed dropped by over 5 m.p.h., in spite of the fact that full throttle was being given on all occasions. Just as the extra drag slows the car at a given throttle opening, so will an attempt to take the corner at a given steady speed require more throttle, unless the perfect line through the corner is taken. I am not suggesting that on traffic-laden roads everyday drivers should use the whole road.

"STRAIGHTENING" THE BEND

On open roads, where neither hedges nor buildings obscure the driver's view, the technique of "straightening" the corner can be tried with perfect safety, and without the slightest chance of inconveniencing other road users. If one is approaching an S bend, which goes first to the right and then to the left, the method should be as follows. Before the right-handed curve is taken, the car should be on the extreme left-hand side of the road, and should then be taken through the corner with the least possible steering, so that it brushes the edge of the road on the right-hand side, right at the apex of the corner. The car will now be correctly placed to take the following left-hand half of the S bend in exactly the same manner. After the complete

corner has been passed, the car should finish on the right-hand side of the road. Thus, the car will have followed a line through the corner very much more gentle and smooth than the bend itself. On some slight S bends it is possible to take a completely straight line. The advantages of the method are that the corner can be taken either faster or smoother. A fully experienced and skilful driver can take the most nervous of passengers along a twisty road much quicker, without causing worry, than could a less skilful driver, because the smoother line taken on corners will prevent the passengers from being swayed about on their seats, or having to clutch at door handles for support.

A modification of this style can be safely used even on roads where the view ahead is restricted, and on blind left-hand or right-hand corners. If the central white line, or an imaginary one on the centre, is regarded always as the right-hand side of the road, the method of using the available road width can still be followed. On left-hand corners the corner should be started with the car's right-hand wheels just inside the white line, and the corner taken so that the apex is cut and the car finishes just inside the line again. On right-hand corners the process needs only to be reversed, the white line being used as the apex of the corner. Naturally, where there is a solid white line this must never be crossed. If one watches many drivers on such corners as a roundabout, or a U corner—that is one where two corners are joined by a short straight—it is apparent that there is difficulty in judging the width of their car, which causes untidy driving.

WIDTH OF THE CAR

One often sees motorists driving cautiously along astride the left-hand white line on a three-track road, in spite of the fact that there is comfortable room inside the line, as they prove each time they move in to let other traffic past. Yet there are many simple methods of learning to judge the width of one's car. When the car is parked at the side of the road, the distance between it and the white line can be noted; this makes it obvious that if a similar distance is maintained when the car is in motion, it must be on the road and there is no need to peer to the left. If a car of the same dimensions as one's own is leading one along a straight road, it is easy to judge from observing it where one's own right-hand wheels should run, so as to allow the nearside to be well in to the left. Once the driver has become accustomed to driving close to the left, it is simple to observe where an imaginary line from his eyes through the top of the radiator reaches the roadside. Inability to judge the car's width usually causes drivers to cut right-hand corners, because they have convinced themselves that they are close to the left-hand side, whereas they are actually about half a car's width away from it.

To return to roundabouts and U turns. On roundabouts one often sees motorists taking

three entirely separate corners: first to the left, then to the right, and finally to the left again, instead of going through in one clean movement with considerably less motion of the steering-wheel and front wheels. Similarly, on U turns motorists can be seen taking the two corners individually, often steering too much on each so that the steering wheel has to be paid off slightly to retain the car on the short connecting straight. If each corner is taken in the way I have described earlier, it is often possible to convert the two corners of the U turn into one continuous corner, through which the car can be taken much more smoothly or faster.

EARLY BRAKING ESSENTIAL

Almost all cars can be much more easily controlled when the throttle is open than when the car is coasting; this gives the clue as to the correct way of matching the throttle to one's cornering. This will be more easily understood, perhaps, if I describe first the incorrect way of taking a corner, as far as the accelerator is concerned. When drivers lacking skill attempt to hurry too much, they often leave their braking before a corner until too late so that they scramble round the corner with the throttle shut, and open it again only when they have completed the corner. No matter how fast one is driving—this applies equally to the fastest of racing drivers—all braking must be finished early enough to enable the throttle to be opened before the peak of the corner is reached. This makes the car more stable, and its acceleration along the next straight will be appreciably better than when the incorrect method is used.

On an average give-and-take road in Britain—by Aylesbury, Bicester, Banbury and Warwick, for example—the everyday driver using a maximum speed, whenever possible, of 65 m.p.h. could be beaten with ease by a driver of skill limiting his car to the same maximum—both, of course, observing restricted areas punctiliously. In addition, tyre and brake wear on the experienced driver's car would be less. The good driver should make it a point of honour—except in an emergency—never to do more than just "lick the brakes." The style of braking early and opening out early should be followed under all circumstances. On a very sharp slow corner, more particularly one followed by a hill, the procedure should be modified thus: brake, change down, and open out before the apex of the corner. One can then not be caught out on a steep hill in far too high a gear.

THE PERFECT GEAR CHANGE

The driver anxious to improve his skill must never accept anything he does as good enough. The fact that a lower gear will go in by movement of the appropriate lever does not mean a good change. The gear must go in so that not the slightest jar is felt, as the speeds of the rear wheels, the gearbox and the engine must necessarily be matched. Although the modern synchromesh gearbox will stand considerable abuse, a gear change can be regarded as perfect only when the most sensitive passenger is conscious of only the slight change in the engine's note. Whether one is changing upwards or downwards, the aim should be to cause as little interruption as possible in the car's acceleration or retardation. For example, if one is using the change down as a means of slowing or steadying the car before entering a downhill corner, the change should be done as quickly as the particular car will allow, so that it is in effective neutral for as short a time as possible. One sees many motorists on the road who perform gear changes as a completely separated process from the accelerating and braking of normal driving, with the result that each change completely interrupts the car's and the driver's rhythm. Almost all motorists would be disturbed if they started a car from rest with a decided jerk, or else stalled the engine; but many perform normal gear changes in this manner, and it is only the momentum of the car which, partly at least, conceals the brutal treatment.

A SUSSEX SUPERSTITION

*I BUILT a house, but it would not stand;
Winds came sweeping across the land,
And beat on window and wall and door,
And soon my house was a house no more.
I built another, and just the same
The wild winds struck it, and down it came;
Roof-tree, chimneys and corner-stones
Lay like a huddle of broken bones.*

*I built another—a magpie flew
Over the housetop neat and new,
And, fine of feather all white and black,
He perched himself on the chimney-stack.
The magpie perched on my house, and lo!
The winds may batter, the winds may blow,
But never again will the chimneys fall,
Or brickwork crumble from roof and wall.*

ELIZABETH FLEMING.

NEW BOOKS

POPE'S CORRESPONDENCE

THE correspondence of Alexander Pope has long been one of the chief sources for the literary history of the Augustan age, but ever since publication of the first collection of letters in 1735 it has been defamed as not only insincere and over-elaborate in style, but disingenuous. The underlying trouble was that he became obsessed quite early in his career with the determination to publish his correspondence with Wycherley and Swift, but equally to conceal that he procured its publication, which involved him in various tortuous dealings; and that then he sometimes revised the text of what he claimed were "spontaneous and careless" communications. So late as 1871-89, Elwin and Courthope, the editors of the hitherto standard collection of the letters, still treated Pope with acerbity on this account.

While too much was made in the past of his "duplicity" and "chicanery," it must be owned that the "fine-writing" and generalising complimentary style of many of the letters from the earlier collections still make them rather emptily long-winded to the ordinary reader. But the new edition—*The Correspondence of Alexander Pope* (Clarendon Press; Oxford University Press, 5 vols., 10 gns.), edited by George Sherburn—contains a great many unrevised and hitherto unpublished letters.

A Unique Insight

Morover, the lead given by Dr. Edith Sitwell to a less biased appreciation of his sensitive and varied mind enables a more sympathetic view to be taken of his quirks; and our sharpened interest in other aspects of the early Georgian period frees us to recognise the unique insight he gives us into a fascinating epoch. Pope spent his later years at the centre of that Palladian circle which included Atterbury, Arbuthnot, Ralph Allen, Lord Bathurst, the Burlingtons, Bolingbroke, Gay, the Duchesses of Queensbury and Marlborough, Richardson the painter, Kent, Harley, Steele and Warburton. To browse among such correspondents—skipping the literary involutions—immerses us in the world of Chiswick, Bath and landscape gardening. For Pope is as historically important (and for many to-day more interesting) in connection with the visual as with the literary creativeness of early Georgian England.

In a well-known letter he described himself as "one that had been a Poet, was degraded to a Translator, and now at last thro' mere dullness is turn'd into an Architect. But when you talk of Building and Planting, I must own you touch my String." One of the outstanding merits of this new edition, which introduces over a third more letters, is that, though many of these are very slight, a large proportion of them were written to or by Burlington, Allen and Kent, are largely about building and gardening and make living personalities of those rather statuesque figures.

In his Cups

"The true felicity of all Planters," writes Pope, "is to put each other on new projects." He has just turfed "a little Bridgmannick theatre" at Twickenham, asks Philip Miller at Chelsea for pear cuttings, or discusses with Borlase in Cornwall his gift of curious "Ores and Spars" for his grotto. He advises Allen on the choice of paintings—"a man not only shows his Taste but his Virtue in the choice of such ornaments" (so summing up the essence of Palladian connoisseurship); and Kent writes to Burlington that "Ld Lovell told him Mich. Angello was an Ignorante in Architr.". Pope, consumed with "The Zeal of my portico," begs Burlington's aid to "a poor distressed undetermined Designer"—as spontaneously as for the loan of a

horse when his father dies. Kent's letters to Burlington, found at Althorp by the late Avray Tipping, are written in his gallimaufry of ungrammatical English and Italian. They give a picture of Pope in his cups, while Pope describes the Signor as "umbrageous in his drink." On the literary side a rich little addition is made to comic verse (from the Longleat-Portland papers) by a series of rhyming invitations addressed to Harley, c. 1713-14, by various members of the Scriblerus Club (Pope, Gay, Parnell, etc.) of which Gay's, succinctly characteristic, is

*Leave Courts, and hye to simple Swains,
Who feed no Flock upon no Plains.*

is unworthy of the Palladian quality of the undertaking. C. H.

MONMOUTH UNDER THE MICROSCOPE

JAMES II is in fashion among historians at present, and the story of the most colourful conflict of his unhappy reign, the Monmouth rebellion, in particular has often been told. Bryan Little tells it yet again in *The Monmouth Episode* (Werner Laurie, 25s.) and gives us three reasons for doing so. "In all its aspects," he says, it has never been the predominant subject of a book; it is "a great human story . . . if lacking a real hero," and his aim is to correct the tendentious accounts of William's publicists and

woman who saw the fugitive Monmouth and his companion slinking from cover to cover on their way to the coast, who told the pursuing troops and was given £50 for her evidence. Her cottage is now a cow-byre on a farm owned by Mr. E. V. Higgs. It was a militia man called Parkin who near by, at seven in the morning, discovered the Duke hiding in a ditch beneath an ash tree and dragged him out. The stump is still there, but half the trunk, struck by lightning, fell into the ditch as recently as 1955. Parkin and two comrades got nearly half of the golden guineas found in the Duke's coat pockets. Their unit got £5,000 between them. It is all here—history under the microscope. F. W.

SURPRISES OF THE SEA

WE are beginning to have our eyes opened to the extraordinary world below the surface of the sea by the activities of aqualung divers. But their records are of large creatures; not of the teeming world of plants and animals, microscopic or just visible to the eye, which are carried about by currents rather than their own volition, and on which the larger ones subsist. The general word for this astonishing miniature fauna and flora is plankton: they include diatoms, a host of larval stages of fish, crustaceans and jellyfish, and squids large and small, some very curious fish and other animals as peculiar as they are unfamiliar. They are the subject of *The Open Sea. Its Natural History: The World of Plankton*, by Alister C. Hardy (Collins, New Naturalist Series, 30s.).

We have come to expect high quality in this series, and this is certainly one of the finest volumes to date. Professor Hardy has devoted his life to marine biology and, as the editors record in their preface, he has done so with the greatest of enthusiasm for "his beloved sea." It is indeed an unexpected world which he describes, leading up to it by way of discussion of sea currents, climates and seasonal changes, and rounding off by a chapter on its relation to fish and fisheries, which will form the subject of a second volume.

Drawings on a Tilting Deck

The quality of the text is matched by that of the illustrations; 24 black-and-white micro-photographs of living plankton, mainly taken by electronic flash by Douglas Wilson, complement an equal number of plates of delicate water-colour drawings by the author himself, mainly executed, as he describes, on the tilting deck of a research vessel—necessary because of the rapidity with which these creatures lose their colours when they die or are preserved. There are also over 100 line drawings in the text. These illustrations demonstrate the amazing beauty and complexity of a high proportion of the microscopic creatures of the sea and the stages through which they pass.

Though the book is soundly scientific, it is so clearly and enthusiastically written, without ever being "popular" in approach, that any layman will not only understand everything but want to go on reading. Though the detail is fascinating, one has at the end, so well does the author correlate this multifarious life, a clear idea of the overall pattern of existence in the sea.

The author combines the results of his own researches with material old and new from other sources which have till now been widely scattered. This remarkable book will be invaluable to students of marine biology, as a reference book for the expert and as a fascinating study for the non-scientist, who is shown how, with a little simple equipment, he can see and study these creatures himself on the sea shore. I found it quite as exciting as many tales of more familiar aspects of life and of human adventure.

A. J. H.



CRAYON PORTRAIT OF ALEXANDER POPE BY JONATHAN RICHARDSON—AN ILLUSTRATION IN THE CORRESPONDENCE OF ALEXANDER POPE, REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE

The chronological arrangement of the letters in this edition, instead of Elwin and Courthope's grouping by recipients, certainly has the advantage claimed by the editor of presenting "a portrait of Pope and his mind such as has not been seen before." Dr. Sherburn's notes and introduction, while assuming the reader's familiarity with the background, are all that could be desired, and he is much kinder to Pope than were his predecessors.

Almost the whole of the fifth volume is devoted to an admirably complete index of subject matter, with an alphabetical list of correspondents that enables any particular sequence to be followed easily. The editing has evidently been a labour of love over many years, and the publishers increase the desirability of the volumes by their production, except for the text-book character of the lettering on the spines, which compares meanly with the corresponding treatment of the jacket, and

Whig historians which have held the field ever since. If the Rebellion and the savage reprisals that followed it have a message for us, he adds, "they have it by showing that the main moving force in politics is not truth, but what people believe to be so." An age which has known Hitler and Mussolini will understand this dictum, although it may be inclined to modify it in the light of recent events in Hungary.

History Made Alive

Nevertheless this is an absorbing book, and as Mr. Little tells it the story was well worth retelling. Although his sympathies are clearly with those who followed Monmouth his judgement is detached, warm with human understanding and based on the most thorough research. Here is history as it must have been seen by the humble, decent, West Country folk who made it, history as alive as the main news story in to-morrow's papers. Amy Farrant was the peasant

PRESENT AND PAST

A Golf Commentary by BERNARD DARWIN

THIS week I want to say yet a little more of the young golfers whom I was watching playing for the President's Putter at Rye, and something of an older one, Reg Whitcombe, of whose death, after a long illness, we have lately heard with so much regret. And first of all I must exclaim again as I did last week, how well these young men do play. We had a splendidly large number of them at Rye. There were no fewer than seven of the Oxford side, headed by their captain: Douglas, Shepperson, Foster, Proctor, Peel, Marr and Sharp; and three from Cambridge: Grindrod, Dexter and Muscutt. Here was, indeed, richness, and there were plenty more, headed by the illustrious Gordon Huddy, twice an undergraduate winner, who had gone down only within a year or two. And, as I cannot say too often, they certainly did play uncommonly well. For some time past

Naturally he is growing stronger and more solid, and apart from that, his driving has improved. He hits a very good height of ball in a wind and never, as he very occasionally used to do, hits a mild, high, puffy shot, if I may so describe it.

Moreover, he has gained, as I should judge, some twenty yards in length, and that is a lot. He has been, like many other people, a patient of that invaluable consultant, Dr. Cox, who I am told made him stand with the right shoulder a little more down. He is a very good putter—witness the general astonishment when he missed a short one in the final—and, in short, if he has a weak spot, I do not know what it is. As to his temperament, everybody must envy one who is at once so gentle and so resolute. I do not know what is going on in his head as he plays, for he can look almost dreamy, but I am sure it is something eminently wise.

At present I should reckon Grindrod, day in and day out, the better player. He came down with an unexpectedly severe bump against Shepperson, who did treat him to an opening cluster of threes, but he will not, I am sure, be disconcerted by that; he impressed us all. He swings, perhaps, to old-fashioned eyes rather short and rather quick, but all swings are short nowadays and, as for the quickness, well, handsome is as handsome does. He is one of those that I particularly look forward to seeing at Sandwich, which was my own battlefield exactly 60 years ago. I shall have no doubts as to how much better he and his comrades do than we did. If I say no more in detail of these and other young men, I include them all in my eulogy; they are infernally good.

And now I will say a word or two about that good golfer and good fellow, Reg Whitcombe. I thought of him particularly on the afternoon of the final at Rye, because that bitterly strong, cold northerly wind, with one flurry of sleet, was just the sort of weather to show him at his best. The two feats of his which spring at once to memory were both achieved on days of wind and rain such as were altogether too much for most people. They were at Carnoustie in 1937, when he was second to Cotton, and 1938 at Sandwich, when he got his own back and won. If I had not since seen Sandwich I should have said that Carnoustie's was for utter misery the worst day I ever had seen. I can still summon up a vision of Whitcombe turning away from the wind at the last hole to try to wipe the grip of his brassey with a towel. Then he lashed a noble shot home over the burn, and when I knew that he had finished in 76 for a total of 292 I thought no one could catch him; but Cotton did 71 and beat him by two shots.

Next year at Sandwich, Cotton was in his turn the pursuer and hunted him hard, but could not quite do it. However, I said something of this a little while ago in an article called *The Stormy Winds*, which was published in *COUNTRY LIFE* of January 3, and won't say it again. That last day's play at Sandwich with Whitcombe and

Adams drawn together, fighting every yard, and finishing first and second, will go down to history with Bobby Jones and Al Watrous in 1926 at St. Anne's, and Vardon and Taylor at Prestwick in 1914.

Whitcombe was a delightful player to watch because he seemed to me the supremely natural golfer. In these days when we see some highly effective but rather artificial styles from America, I admit to liking a natural, untrammelled freedom, and Whitcombe struck me as a grown-up version of the small boy who swung his master's clubs outside the caddies' shed at Burnham. He wrote a book about golf and I have no doubt was a good and conscientious coach, but I have the feeling that all his life he swung his own club mostly by the light of nature, and nature had richly endowed him. To see him attack a brassey shot in the eye of the wind (I recall one at the 17th at Sandwich) was to see every nerve and sinew thrown into the shot with what Horace Hutchinson once so well called, though not *à propos* of him, "young insolent fearlessness." He was a grand and joyous golfer.



R. A. WHITCOMBE PLAYING AN APPROACH SHOT ON THE ROYAL ST. GEORGE'S COURSE AT SANDWICH DURING THE FINAL DAY'S PLAY OF THE OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP OF 1938, WHICH HE WON. In the background is the marquee that was wrecked by the gale that swept over the course in the morning

people have said of the university sides that they were nearly as good as the great sides of twenty years ago. I have myself no doubt now that they are not only as good but better.

I am confirmed in this view by the words of one very fine player, who has been playing against undergraduates for nearer thirty than twenty years. "I always used to think," he observed, "that I could see an undergraduate off," but he added that he would say nothing so rash about this generation and that some of them were more likely to see him off. Shepperson's win at the age of twenty was truly remarkable, and, perhaps, equally remarkable was the fact that he was the favourite from the start. Certainly, he and Micklem were regarded as the "seeds" who ought to meet in the final, and that is exactly what they did. Shepperson has crowded a lot of golfing experience into his young life, beginning with two finals of boys' championships and going on to two University seasons, amateurs v. professionals, international matches and heaven knows what besides.

He has always been good, but he is very perceptibly better now than ever before.

The other two who particularly impressed everyone, and both reached the semi-final, were Grindrod and Dexter, of Cambridge. Dexter may be said to have been the sensation of the meeting by dint of his prodigious driving, which always attracts the spectators. Indeed he is a thoroughly good player apart from the fact that because he has so far played less in good company, he has at present more to learn. His driving is a joy to witness and set everyone comparing him with long drivers of the past. It seems certain that some of his tee shots down wind approximated to 350 yards, and that, be it noted, on winter turf; but the drive of his that made everyone gasp was that from the 16th tee, which carried clean over the bunker in the teeth of a strong wind. Perhaps he is rather too fond of making an enemy of the wind in the sense that he sometimes swings rather faster and hits rather harder against it, whereas down wind he looks more relaxed. However, I dare say this is fancy. He hits his iron shots well and crisply, and indeed there can be hardly any limit to his potentialities with more experience.

CORRESPONDENCE

EXPORT OF CATTLE FOR SLAUGHTER

SIR,—All who are not wholly callous to the feelings of animals will be grateful to your correspondent Mr. J. P. Capron for the excellent letter published in *COUNTRY LIFE* of January 10, in which he drew attention to the odious conditions in which cattle are exported for slaughter.

At the same time that we are importing enormous quantities of foreign beef, thousands of our own subsidised cattle are being shipped to Czechoslovakia, Germany, Belgium, Italy and other Continental destinations for slaughter. Many of the animals are fat cattle that have had three or four calves and are, therefore, of a type unsuited for the long journeys involved before and after embarkation.

If we cannot avoid slaughtering

HIMALAYAN BALSAM IN MORAYSHIRE

SIR,—I have been reading with great interest the correspondence in *COUNTRY LIFE* about the distribution of the Himalayan balsam. So far the reports seem to indicate that the farthest north it has penetrated is about the north Midlands. May I be allowed to put in a claim for the most northerly record?

Two years ago I saw it in tremendous spread and gigantic growth, between five and six feet, for hundreds of yards on the banks and islands of the River Spey just above its mouth at Spey Bay, in Morayshire. The shade of colour were amazing, from white to pale pink, deep rose, crimson, magenta and every imaginable nuance in between. It is a glorious sight in July and gives the Spey a glamorous and tropical appearance.—*CECILIA KNOWLES (Mrs.)*, Dunlichity Lodge, By Inverness.

If it was thought worth while to show this system in the *Encyclopédie*, it must have been well established in Western Europe. — *H. HAUSHOFER, Hartschimmel, Bavaria.*

MONK INTO DOVE

SIR,—At Penmon, on the eastern tip of Anglesey, the remains of an Augustinian Priory include a large circular columbarium, with (reputedly) a thousand holes and a potence.

The story goes that many hundreds of years ago a monk fell in love with a local maiden and courted her under the walnut trees, which are still there. The prior found them there, but before he could speak to them they were turned into doves and flew into the dove-cote. The other doves flew indignantly away. Many attempts have been made to induce other doves to live there, but all in vain.—*R. F. VERNEY (Miss)*, 88, Chester-square, S.W.1.

inspecting Fonthill. The answer seems to be 7,200. The *Gentleman's Magazine* for October, 1822, stated: "The pleasing vision is now past, and the noise of the auctioneer's hammer will not be heard—silence pervades the long-drawn aisles—the lofty portal is closed—and the abbot is returned to his cloisters. We are enabled to state from undoubted authority that the number of admission tickets to Fonthill Abbey amounted to 7,200."—*ARNOLD WILBY, Clobb Gorse, Bucklers Hard, Beaulieu, Hampshire.*

A CHIMNEY-SWEEP FAMILY

SIR,—It would be interesting to know whether the documents contained in the collection of chimney-sweepiana mentioned in *COUNTRY LIFE* of January 3 record the activities of the Dye family, of Hertford. They have been chimney-sweeps for six generations.



ENGRAVINGS OF FONTHILL, WILTSHIRE, BEFORE AND (right) AFTER THE FIRE IN 1755. (Below) VIEWS OF THE INTERIOR OF WILLIAM BECKFORD'S FONTHILL ABBEY, BEGUN IN 1796

See letter: Fonthill Buildings



the cattle, there is a moral obligation upon everyone to spare these mute, defenceless animals from the suffering inseparable from long journeys without food, from being beaten about the head, kicked and finally, when utterly bewildered, despatched in what are frequently the most nauseating circumstances.

To have the cattle killed in this country would not only reduce imports of foreign beef, but would put an end to this abominable cruelty. The facts are irrefutable, yet the traffic is increasing. It is a disgrace to a supposedly humane country, and I trust that the growing public indignation will shortly assert itself by demanding that this cruel and unnecessary traffic be stopped.—*ARTHUR N. EDINGTON, Cliffbank, Sidmouth-road, Lyme Regis, Dorset.*

DOVECOTE POTENCES

SIR,—In your issue of December 13, 1956, you published a photograph of the interior of the dove-cote at Wenden Lofts, Essex, with the characteristic potence or revolving ladder.

Perhaps it will interest your readers to know that the potence system is shown in a reproduction of a dove-cote in the famous *Encyclopédie* by Diderot and D'Alembert published in Paris between 1751 and 1780. In this standard work of technics of the 18th century the dove-cote with revolving ladder is shown on the copper plate entitled *Oeconomie Rustique, Basse Cour*. Even the timber frame of the potence is identical with the Essex example except that the revolving ladder of the *Encyclopédie* is two-winged, with two ladders revolving about one pivot.

FONTHILL BUILDINGS

SIR,—So much interest has been shown in your correspondence columns recently about Fonthill Abbey, Wiltshire, that I thought you might like to reproduce the enclosed engravings from an album dating, I imagine, from the 1820s. The first two show two of the buildings that preceded Beckford's Abbey, and they are inscribed "before the fire in 1755" and "after the fire in 1755" respectively. The other three show parts of the interior of Beckford's Abbey.—*T. G. SCOTT, 19, Granville-road, Fallowfield, Manchester, 14.*

A GUINEA A VISIT

SIR,—Mr. F. Graham, in your issue of December 13, 1956, wonders how many people were willing to pay a guinea a time for the privilege of

It is recorded that in the 1860s Mother Dye, a lady of great size, set off from Hertford in her donkey-cart with a seven-year-old son one winter's morning at three o'clock, to sweep the chimneys at the house of Sir Minto Farquhar, M.P. The small boy was sent up the chimney, but became lodged half way up. Owing, perhaps, to Mother Dye's reluctance to disturb the gentry at such an early hour, the child met his death by suffocation.

Dan Dye, grandson of this formidable lady, made history at the turn of the century by using a motor-tricar for transport. Incidentally, this machine was the highlight of the procession formed to celebrate the relief of Mafeking. Dan, now in his seventies, has served his ancient borough as mayor, and is an alderman and a member of the Hertfordshire County Council, but he



WOODEN "BELL" WITHOUT A CLAPPER

See letter: Marriage Bells?

has lived in the same cottage all his life. His knowledge of the mansions of his county, including Hatfield House, is unique. His lore has been passed down to his sons, and now his grandsons carry on the family tradition with no little pride.—A. KNIGHT LOVEDAY, *Beckwiths, Old Cross, Hertford.*

INTELLIGENT GREAT TITS

SIR,—A few days ago I had evidence of the intelligence of great tits. In front of my window there is a large garden bowl on a stone base. Throughout the winter we hang strings of peanuts from the edge of the bowl for tits. The tits always open these nuts by clinging to them or the string and breaking the shells with their beaks.

Last week we discovered that our supply of nuts was all shelled, and we threaded a cotton through them with a needle. The tits found these difficult to remove from the cotton. After several fruitless attempts one bird carefully surveyed the nuts from all angles, then perched on the edge of the bowl. Leaning down, he gripped the cotton in his beak and pulled. Then, using his foot to prevent the cotton from slipping back, he proceeded to haul up the nuts, an inch at a time.

This was not the end of his resourcefulness, for, after he had eaten one of the nuts, two house-sparrows alighted on the bowl. The tit dragged the nuts to the edge of the bowl and very deliberately dropped them over the side again, out of reach of the sparrows. He then flew away, leaving two puzzled sparrows among the crocus shoots wondering where the nuts had gone.—RONALD ENGLISH, 24, *Barrowby-road, Grantham, Lincolnshire.*

FIGHTING THE PETROL SHORTAGE

SIR,—I was interested in the remarks about horse transport by Mr. Ian Niall in *COUNTRY LIFE* of December 20, 1956, and thought the enclosed photographs might appeal to you. They show me driving hackney cobs, 14 hands high, in either double or single harness—and very pleasant it is now that the roads are not so overcrowded.

The photographs show a wagonette-brake built in the 1870s or '80s, and a single-horse phaeton, built in the early part of this century (which also has a pole and bar for a pair when required).

Both these vehicles are maintained in first-rate condition together with a small collection of similar sporting-type vehicles which I own.—ROBERT J. A. WHITE, *Park Stile, Langley, Buckinghamshire.*

MARRIAGE BELLS?

SIR,—Can any of your readers throw any light on the purpose for which the enclosed wooden "bell" was made? It is of boxwood, with the handle ebonised; it does not appear ever to have had a clapper. I have had it many years and, until recently, had thought that it was part of one of those 19th-century objects made in simulation of something else—possibly the cover of an inkpot or a string box.

A short time ago, another of these wooden bells was sent to me for identification by a friend in Wales. Basically it was similar, except that the dome was slightly deeper, the handle was not ebonised and it contained a wooden clapper on a chain. In addition, the handle was spring loaded, and when it was pressed down the clapper touched the surface on which the bell is placed. My friend told me that the specimen which he had sent came originally from Brecon, over 100 years ago, and had always been known as a marriage bell, and that these objects were once used at weddings; he knew nothing more.

The connection between weddings and bells is obvious enough, but in what manner and in what particular ceremonial were these wooden bells used?—EVA R. PINTO, *Oxhey Woods House, Northwood, Middlesex.*

TREES WITH AERIAL ROOTS

SIR,—Miles Hadfield, in his recent article *Some Problems of Tree Growth*, states that he has never seen roots growing from the trunk or branches of British trees. In the woodland at Holland Park, Kensington, there is a fine example of this occurring.

An old elm, which is obviously hollow, although still supporting a moderate amount of branches, has managed to reach the ground and anchor itself with a root which breaks from the trunk at a height of seventeen

feet. The trunk of the tree shows no sign of injury at the seat of the root. Although the tree is in an advanced state of decay the root appears to be perfectly sound.

The circumference of the root at its thickest part is twenty inches. After growing downwards for about eight feet, it divides into three parts which are entwined, as shown in the accompanying sketch, into a perfect plait.—C. F. PERCIVAL, 27, *Lennox-gardens, S.W.1.*

EXAMPLE IN KENT

SIR,—In your recent article about aerial rooting of trees, the author stated that such rooting was very rare in England. There is a fine example in the woods here. It is in a well-grown beech, the trunk of which has been damaged, resulting in a wide split from ground level up to about 20 ft. The centre of the trunk has largely decayed, and the edges of the split are heavily calloused. Almost the whole of the hollow trunk is filled with a massive sheaf of roots, going right down into the ground.

Is it possible that the decayed and spongy mass in the hollow trunk originally encouraged the rooting to begin, and that the roots then went on till they reached the ground? There is a lot of fibrous rooting in the decayed wood of the hollow trunk and it is probable that dead leaves have also lodged there and built up humus. W. L. ANTROBUS, *Shootfield House Farm, Sundridge, Sevenoaks, Kent.*

AN UNSPOILED RIVER VALLEY

SIR,—In his article *An Unspoiled River Valley* (December 20, 1956) Bryan Little has managed to collect an astonishing amount of interesting detail in a very confined space. May I add some notes that may be useful to a prospective visitor?

Craswall Priory lies deep in a valley, approached by half a mile of

A ROOT GROWING FROM THE TRUNK OF AN OLD ELM TREE IN HOLLAND PARK, KENSINGTON

See letter: Trees with Aerial Roots

road practicable only to a farm tractor or a vehicle of the jeep type, even in dry weather. Craswall Church may easily be missed as it lies on a slope at a sharp steep bend in the road. It is particularly unusual in having a five court on the north side of the church, which again is over a mile and a half from the village post office. A narrowish road can be taken that makes a circuit of the Olchon valley, with fine views all the time. An ascent on foot of the Cats Back is well worth while.

There is a slip in the date allotted to Grosmont Town Hall, given as 1902. Actually, there was a town hall in 1703, but this became dangerous and was rebuilt at the cost of the Duke of Beaufort about 1828. The three castles, Grosmont, Skenfrith and Whitecastle, are only about five miles apart and are in the charge of the Ministry of Works, and only a nominal fee is charged for admittance.—I. COHEN, 130, *Aylestone Hill, Hereford.*

LETTERS IN BRIEF

Stranded Porpoises.—Apropos of your recent correspondence about stranded porpoises, a few years ago, at Barrisdale Forest, Loch Hourn, I went out one evening with a nephew who had come in from stalking, and we walked along the shore road by a lagoon which filled with water in a high tide. On the other side is a spit of grass, then the sea. It was dusk. We heard a weird groaning and sighing on the spit and went there to see what it was. A smallish porpoise had been stranded there. We managed to push and heave it to the water's edge and left it. The next morning it had gone.

D. M. BELL-IRVING (Mrs.), *White Hill, Lockerbie, Dumfriesshire.*

Commemorating a Humiliation.

The interesting article on Admiral Keppel's Column (December 27, 1956) calls to mind another curious Whig Folly in the same district, which must be unique in that it commemorates a national humiliation. This is Boston Castle, in the southern suburbs of Rotherham, erected to commemorate the Boston Tea Party. I believe that some years ago this building was threatened with demolition and I should be interested to know if it is still standing.—DAVID C. YOUNG, 1, *Wood Walk Cottages, Addington, Bletchley, Buckinghamshire.*

Dunwich in Winter.—The novel of Rider Haggard's to which Mr. Geoffrey Grigson makes reference in his article *Dunwich in Winter* in *COUNTRY LIFE* of January 3 is *Red Eve*, which centres upon that locality and, in fact, ends in winter.—ANTHEA MELDRUM (Mrs.), 501, *Harwood Court, S.W.15.*



A PAIR OF HACKNEY COBS IN A WAGONETTE-BRAKE OF ABOUT 1880. (Below) A SINGLE-HORSE PHAETON

See letter: Fighting the Petrol Shortage



A CAUSERIE ON BRIDGE

THE HARDER THEY FALL

IN theory it was an excellent idea to have six teams taking part in the first trial; in practice, as the Americans have found to their cost with the repeated failure of Crawford, Schenken *et al.* in short matches, the result of a round-robin contest is apt to be disconcerting.

It was just as well that a triple tie was split in favour of the Reese team—not because they were the best team (there was no such thing as a "best team" in this contest), but because it would have been rather hard on the ex-world and current British champions if they had been nosed out in such a hazardous test. Just how close was the finish? Well, you may get an inkling from a hand played in the last round:

West East
 ♠ J 9 K 7 3
 ♥ 7 6 2 ♥ A Q 10 3
 ♦ Q 8 3 ♦ A 7 6
 ♣ A J 8 5 2 ♣ K 10 3

West was declarer in One No-Trump. A Diamond lead went to South's King, and the return was taken with dummy's Ace. The King of Clubs felled the Queen in the North hand; then came the Ten and a third Club to West's Knave, North throwing Spades. The Ten of Hearts was successfully finessed, and West came back to hand with the Queen of Diamonds.

Although the weather had kept fine, West could scarcely play for the maximum number of overtricks by cashing two more Clubs, discarding Spades in dummy, and taking a second Heart finesse. This gives him eleven tricks if North (as in practice) started with K J x in Hearts, but he stood to look silly if South had made the routine play of holding up the King of Hearts at trick 6; so he was content with two overtricks which, all things considered, seemed to assure a satisfactory result.

West was Albert Dormer, a fine player of the cards, but one who sometimes lives up to his name. In short, Dormer nodded at trick 4 when he led the Ten of Clubs from dummy and played low from his own hand. If he overtakes with the Knave, he can finesse the Ten of Hearts and come back via the proven finesse of the Eight of Clubs, the extra entry permitting him to take a second Heart finesse in complete safety. And now we come to the point of the story.

Had West made one more overtrick in his contract of One No-Trump, he and his youthful team-mates (Truscott, Beale, Rimington) would have won the whole contest by a clear margin and become the potential British Team for the forthcoming European championships in Vienna. Well, we can at least spot a healthy sign; the younger players are given a chance to take advantage of the general levelling-up at the top and the loss of touch by some of our most dependable old-timers.

A few weeks ago I gave an example of an Adam Meredith speciality, an opening bid as dealer of Three Clubs on the following cards:

♠ J 6 ♥ A 9 5 4 ♦ 8 3 ♣ Q 8 7 6 4

Now what, you may well ask, can one hope to achieve with such a travesty of a Three-bid? In the U.S.A., of course, the perpetrator enjoys a peculiar immunity; here is an example from the recent American team championships:

♠ K 9 8 5 4 2 ♥ J 10 ♦ A J 7 ♣ K 6

This hand was held by a member of the Goren team after Three Spades had been opened on his right. He had to pass; as Goren explained, "a double at this point would be construed in our partnerships as a request for a take-out." Now study a further example from our own trials:

♠ A K 6 3
 ♥ J 10 9 4
 ♦ Q 4
 ♣ A 6 2

♠ Q 10 9 5 4 2
 ♥ A 7 6 2
 ♦ 6 2
 ♣ 4

♠ J 8
 ♥ 8 5
 ♦ K J 7 5 3
 ♣ K 10 8 5

Dealer, South. East-West vulnerable.

Meredith surpassed his earlier efforts by opening as South with *Three Clubs*. What a moment to pick! There is nothing on for the opponents, while the British Master, unlike his American counterpart, fails to see why an atrocity of this type should go unpunished; a double by West in this situation means business, with a natural proviso that his partner can use his discretion on a freak long-suited hand. So West doubled, more in anger than in hope, for it seemed unlikely that East would be in a position to stand a double. However, after a pass by North (who would have felt fairly happy opposite any other partner), East made a well-judged pass and South rescued himself into Three Diamonds, also doubled by West.

Having started with the King and Queen of Hearts, West had visions of a holocaust. At trick 3 he led his Spade to dummy's King, and captured a trump lead (Four, Two, King and Ace) at the next trick. The stage seemed set for a glorious Club-Spade cross-ruff; South must have started with five Clubs and four Diamonds, so East was marked with a Club void and two more trumps. West was so sure of his ground that he led at trick 5, not the Queen, but the Three of Clubs; he got a mild shock when dummy's Six held the trick, but, no matter, he was still in command of the situation. South played off the Queen of Diamonds and tried to cash the Ace of Spades; West ruffed, with what in effect was a winning trump, and promptly fired back another low Club.

My sympathies lie with West, but an *idée fixe* can prove expensive when playing against the Merediths of this world. As East pointed out with some asperity, how could he have started with three trumps, since he had failed to play high-low in Diamonds at tricks 4 and 6? The grand result was that South made no fewer than four tricks in Clubs which, with four Diamonds and a Spade, saw him safely home in a rather unusual doubled contract. So there you have the answer to your question. It is

By M. HARRISON-GRAY

results such as this which account for the persistent use of the Meredith Three-bid.

The pattern of the trials is reflected in the other big tournaments, where all-international teams, for one reason or another, are going down like ninepins. I will leave the reader to decide whether luck or bad judgement was predominant in the following episode:

♠ J 9 8
 ♥ Q 9
 ♦ K J
 ♣ A Q 10 7 6 2

♠ A K Q 7 4
 ♥ 10 6 2
 ♦ 8 5 4 3
 ♣ 9

♠ 10 3
 ♥ K 7 5
 ♦ A 10 7
 ♣ K J 8 4 3

Dealer, South. Neither side vulnerable.

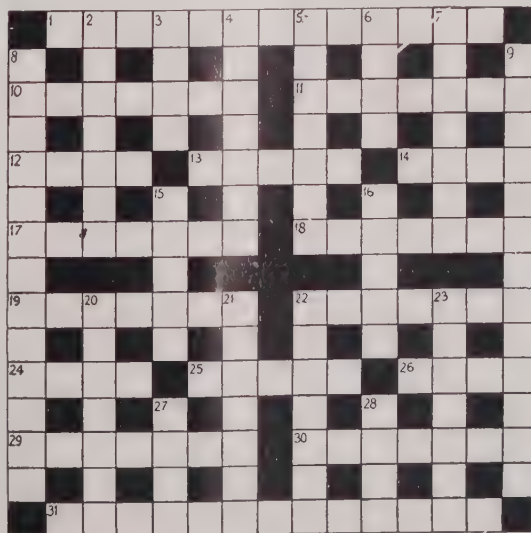
The event was the qualifying round of the team championship at the Eastbourne Congress. At one table the North-South cards were held by a very famous pair, and the auction was brief: One No-Trump by North after two passes, Three No-Trumps by South. The defence found it easy to cash five Spades and the Ace of Hearts.

At the corresponding table South was a doughty lady who felt that unusual methods were the only hope of scoring against expert opponents, so once more the auction was soon over—One No-Trump by South, Three No-Trumps by North. This was the mixture as before, except that West was on lead, and his selection of a Heart enabled South to gallop home at high speed. The swing on this board was just sufficient to prevent the all-star team from qualifying for the next stage. Again I sympathise with the victims of a cruel fate, but it is necessary when playing against a weaker team to open One No-Trump on a hand such as North's?

CROSSWORD No. 1407

COUNTRY LIFE books to the value of 3 guineas will be awarded for the first correct solution opened. Solutions (in a closed envelope) must reach "Crossword No. 1407, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock-street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," not later than the first post on the morning of Wednesday, January 30, 1957.

NOTE.—This Competition does not apply to the United States.



Name.....
 (MR., MRS., ETC.)
 Address.....

SOLUTION TO No. 1406. The winner of this Crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of January 17, will be announced next week.

ACROSS.—1, Coma; 3, Shockheads; 10, Medea; 11, Galvanise; 12, Lully; 13, Plashing; 14, Air; 16, Osman; 17, Organ stop; 20, Pantouffe; 22, Fells; 23, Ego; 24, Plangent; 27, Riser; 29, Lord Byron; 30, Stoep; 31, Glossarist; 32, Lyre. DOWN.—1, Camel Corps; 2, Middleman; 4, High proof; 5, Calla; 6, Heathen; 7, Asian; 8, Sees; 9, Banyan; 15, Apostrophe; 18, Greetings; 19, Tall story; 21, Omnibus; 22, Forest; 25, Largo; 26, Error; 28, Slag.

ACROSS

1. Unpropitious way of sitting down to a meal? (4, 1, 3, 5)
10. Dye from an ale tank (7)
11. A seaman's wrath for St. Andrew? (7)
12. A river? Emphatically yes, a Spaniard returns answer (4)
- 13 and 14. Perhaps one of those from England that St. Gregory saw at Rome (5, 4)
17. "And yet a spirit, still and bright, 'With something of — light'" —Wordsworth (7)
18. Electric ray of destructive potentiality (7)
19. Inferentially, a prince among beasts (4, 3)
22. Calf taken back to the Spanish hero in a drooping state (7)
24. A kind of duty for the brave? (4)
- 25 and 26. Nature's earlier version of 18 across? (9)
29. A neat leg can be this, too (7)
30. Thus as at the bottom (7)
31. In other words prestidigitation (7, 2, 4)

DOWN

2. A watery competitor of the cuttle, perhaps, to give some idea of it (7)
3. "I will neither go nor —" said Bigod (4)
4. Kew Gardens and the like (7)
5. Does a Norman stand at the top of it? (7)
6. Not rock before? (4)
7. "This is the very — of your brain" —Shakespeare (7)
8. P for Paris (7, 6)
9. Where to cross the county, but which one? (13)
- 15 and 16. One of many former dwellers between Ludgate Hill and the River (5, 5)
20. It might be the joint discovery of Will and Leo (7)
21. Be a sorceress to do this (7)
22. Concentrated mixture mostly of far away and long ago (7)
23. Rebuked for getting 100 out of sight (7)
27. The playwright's choice of drink (4)
28. Behave like a 20 down (4)

The winner of Crossword No. 1405 is

Miss M. T. Prior,

20, Magdalene-street,

Glastonbury,

Somerset.

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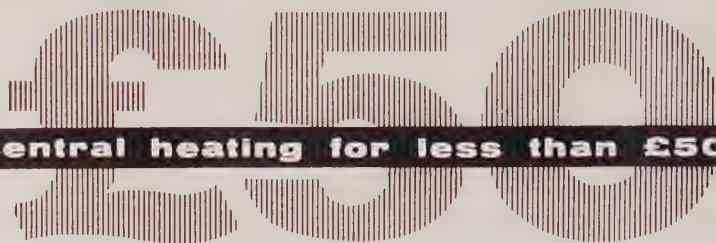
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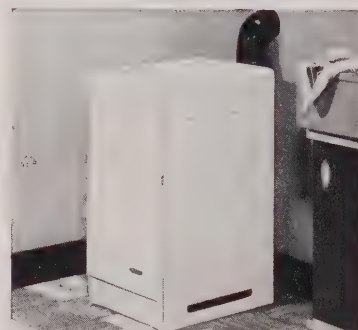
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THE ESTATE MARKET

A BLESSING IN DISGUISE?

MOST people look on petrol rationing as a necessary evil. However, good has been known to come out of bad, and so far as the property market is concerned, Messrs. Jackson-Stops and Staff, to name one firm of estate agents, incline to the view that the rationing of petrol may prove to be a blessing in disguise.

"Petrol rationing," they write in their annual report, "must have a hampering effect, particularly on the sale of country properties, and the continuance of credit restrictions, entailing strict limitation of loan facilities, can only maintain a depressing effect on both activity and prices, especially in the market for residential properties." But they go on to say that it is possible, provided that these two influences do not remain too long, for some good to come out of them, because for the last few years many intending sellers have found it difficult to adjust their ideas of values to the lower level at which vendors and purchasers might be brought together. They believe that a combination of petrol shortage and credit squeeze may have the effect of making would-be sellers adopt a more realistic outlook.

HIGH PRICES FOR FARMS

TURNING to individual trends in the property market, Messrs. Jackson-Stops and Staff state that, although the demand for small properties has fallen away owing to the difficulty experienced by intending buyers in raising sufficient capital to finance purchases, customers for large properties have not experienced the same difficulty. For example, they report that large farms with possession have held their value, and in a few districts, notably in the Cotswolds, prices have been as high as at any time since the end of the war. On the other hand, arable farms that need money spent on them in order to bring their equipment up to date have fallen considerably in value.

SAD FATE OF LARGE HOUSES

WHEN studying the annual reviews submitted by estate agents, I have noticed that most of them emphasise that one of the strongest features of the market during the past twelve months has been the demand for first-class commercial investments, and Messrs. Jackson-Stops and Staff confirm this belief when they say that investors have been particularly keen on shops occupying good positions in large towns, especially those that have early dates of reversion. The fate of large houses in the country, on the other hand, is described as the sad one of being unwanted, demolition contractors being the buyers in many instances. "It may be a small consolation," says the report, "that portions of these houses which are of artistic or architectural merit are occasionally preserved and embodied in new houses, so that these small portions of the past are preserved for posterity." Large houses in towns, it seems, nearly always get converted to flats, "for which there is a good demand."

FEW "DEATH-DUTY BUYERS"

ANOTHER development in the market noted by Messrs. Jackson-Stops and Staff, and one on which I have commented on several occasions in these notes, is that agricultural estates are no longer snapped up by wealthy men intent on securing the 45 per cent. rebate of estate duty that goes with the ownership of such properties. The reason is plain and is given in the review of another firm of estate agents, Messrs. Bernard Thorpe and Partners, when they say that "death duty buyers" have been loath to realise good securities on a bad market

in order to re-invest in farm land. But whereas Messrs. Jackson-Stops and Staff state that when estates are split up and sold in lots, tenants are ready purchasers, subject to their being able to raise sufficient money, Messrs. Bernard Thorpe and Partners report that tenants have been discouraged not only by a shortage of capital, but also by the drop in the prices of fat and store cattle and by the surplus of milk. In fact, they refer to a general lack of confidence in the future of farming that was allayed only late in the year by the new grants for improvements scheme.

POPULAR FISHING

ONE class of property that was in greater demand last year than ever before was fishing rights. This was particularly so for salmon, though almost any property with fishing fetched high prices. The market for timber also staged a revival during 1956, and Messrs. Jackson-Stops and Staff report that large areas of woodland have changed hands for investment, in addition to sales of standing timber. They also mention that furniture sales have revealed an increasing demand for antiques, even for those of comparatively late periods.

COMING SALES

IT is early in the year to expect much in the way of sales. However, a property that has aroused interest from as far afield as Scotland comes up for auction next Thursday at Sleaford, Lincolnshire. The property in question is the Manor Farm, which covers 897 acres at Timberland, near Sleaford, and which is offered for sale following the death of Mr. H. Bembridge, who farmed it for 52 years. Judging by the particulars submitted by the agents, Messrs. Earl and Lawrence, it would seem to be a fine example of the highly productive farms that abound in the neighbourhood, for in addition to the manor house it has 16 farm-houses and cottages and a new corn drying, cleaning and storage plant. Moreover, the land has sent out cattle that have won individual first prizes at Smithfield.

Another important agricultural property that is scheduled for auction is the Hatfield Court estate, which covers 1,107 acres near Leominster on the borders of Shropshire, Herefordshire and Worcestershire. It includes Hatfield Court, a house with eleven bedrooms, 105 acres of woodland, a smallholding and three cottages, all of which are offered with possession, and 940 acres, consisting of five farms, two smallholdings, a secondary house and nine cottages let to produce a total of £2,180 a year. Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley and Messrs. Benson and Rogers-Coltman are the agents.

TIMBER REPORT WELCOMED

THE report of the Watson Committee which was set up two years ago to investigate the marketing of timber from privately owned woodlands seems to have been received favourably, particularly its admission that the industry requires a more stable financial background. But owners, through the U.K. Forestry Committee, the Country Landowners' Association and the Scottish Landowners' Federation, stress that reasonable prices and a guaranteed market are necessary to encourage owners to embark on long-term planning, and it is suggested that a modest levy should be imposed on imported timber, to assist home producers by some form of deficiency payments for their produce, and by a transport scheme to reduce and equalise changes from grower to mill or timber-consuming industries.

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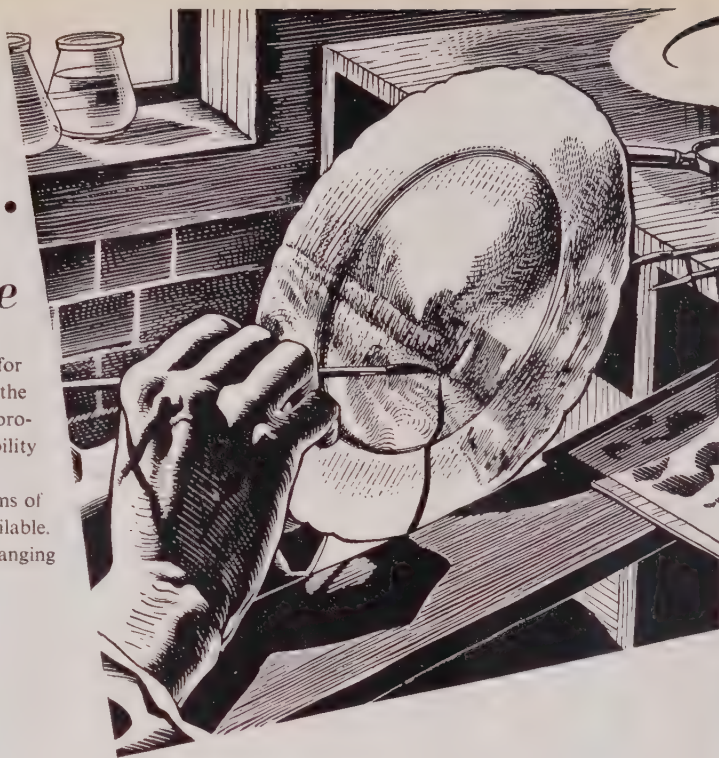
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FARMING NOTES

CONTINUITY AT THE MINISTRY

MOST of us engaged in farming are glad that Mr. Macmillan has not taken Mr. Heathcoat Amory away from the Ministry of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food. In the field of agricultural policy the Minister recently inspired and guided the Government decision on long-term price assurances that should serve the country and the industry well. There are other problems arising in the operation of the Agriculture Act, 1947, notably the relations between landlord and tenant, that need to be thoroughly reviewed, and some further Government decisions will have to be made. Mr. Heathcoat Amory has the feel of these problems and the confidence of the people concerned. He will now be able to carry on the good work. The Department over which he presides is a complex one, and the work deserves a first-class Minister whose opinions and recommendations carry weight with his Cabinet colleagues. Since 1951 Mr. Nugent, as one of the Parliamentary Secretaries, has gained a close insight into the administrative work on the agricultural side, and no one could have been more assiduous in Parliament and in the country in presenting the Ministry's case on various issues.

Rabbits and Rats

THE Nature Conservancy, in its annual report for the year ending September 30 last, expresses the opinion that no more large-scale aid can be expected from myxomatosis in keeping the country clear of rabbits and points out that the necessary clearance operations will become increasingly difficult if rabbit numbers are allowed to recover even partially from their present very low level. The Conservancy deplores waste of manpower in efforts to exterminate buzzards, stoats and other animals that prey on rabbits. These, if not frustrated by persecution, will help to get rid of the rest of the rabbits and also country-living rats. If efforts were concentrated on rats and rabbits and man's potential allies were not destroyed but were protected, there would be a better prospect of having a countryside free from rats and rabbits. The Conservancy notes that the buzzard has been hard hit by the disappearance of rabbits, even though some pairs are managing to find an occasional dead rabbit to feed to their young in areas which, to human observers, appear to be rabbit-free.

Signs of Life

RABBITS are showing signs of life again in many districts and re-occupying their old homes. The farmer who took pride in having no rabbits at all a year ago needs to keep a sharp eye for their return. A few hours spent now gassing the holes will save a lot of trouble and loss later on. The gassing needs to be done thoroughly and all the holes closed. If any are re-opened the dose must be repeated. When rabbits appear it is well to tell the county pests officer even though the farmer does the gassing himself. One or two neighbours may not be so enthusiastic about destroying all the rabbits and the pests officer can keep them up to the mark. Rabbits do not recognise farm boundaries and, while I have no wish to interfere with my neighbours, I do not want their rabbits.

Milk Deliveries

IHAD occasion to take the car out last Sunday morning, and in a journey of 10 miles met no other vehicle but milk delivery vans. There were no fewer than four of them delivering bottles to houses along the road. A few years ago there would not have

been any, as the local dairy farmers let people come and fetch the milk for themselves and no doubt more people kept a cow or two to supply their own requirements. This retail milk delivery in rural areas is, I suppose, a sign of the rationalisation of agriculture. We are concentrating our efforts more on one or two main lines of production. Who wants to milk cows over the week-end if it can be avoided?

Dairying in Wales

NOTWITHSTANDING the spread of milk production throughout Wales, particularly since the early war years, the most important sources of supply in the Principality are still the older-established dairying counties. Carmarthenshire still accounts for more than one-fifth of the total for Wales and Monmouthshire; Denbighshire and Flintshire account for a further one-fifth. Wales as a whole has been increasing milk production faster than England and Wales. The output for Wales is more seasonal than that for England. In South Wales particularly production continues to fall during the autumn months until December, rises sharply in April and May and reaches a peak in June. Commenting on this, Mr. J. R. E. Phillips, in *Economic Studies in Welsh Dairy Farming* (University College of Wales, Aberystwyth, 2s. 6d.), says truly enough that this is a production pattern in keeping with present-day requirements. The call now is for a reduction in total output (at least until the liquid market expands) especially during the winter months, when the overall costs are high and the outlay on purchased feeding-stuffs particularly heavy. A greater output in the summer months obtained chiefly off grass is more economical when the balance over liquid market requirements has to be used for making cheese at a price that returns no more than 1s. 7d. a gallon.

Financial Results

THIS Aberystwyth report is based on the records of 18 milking herds in Wales, which is hardly a big enough number to allow definite conclusions from the results. It is, however, obvious that there has been a progressive increase in costs during the three years 1952-55, while returns on the other hand have remained practically unchanged. The margins between costs and returns narrowed by £9 4s. a cow, or just over 3d. a gallon, between 1952-53 and 1954-55. These farms have become much more dependent on purchased concentrates; the amount has risen from 15 cwt. to over 21 cwt. a year. At the same time labour costs have been kept steady, partly no doubt because fewer home-grown concentrates are fed and partly because more herds have changed over to milking by machine.

Britain and Denmark

BY the end of this month Britain will again have an Agricultural Attaché in Copenhagen. Mr. M. Whalley Taylor replaces Mr. Ronald Ede in this post after a long interval, and he will also serve at The Hague and hold a watching brief on agricultural and food developments in Western Germany. These agricultural attachés serving abroad can be most helpful people, and I know that many British farmers appreciated the help which Mr. Ede was able to give them when they visited Denmark and Holland to study farming practices and learn what they could for application on their own farms at home. There is a two-way flow of visitors between Britain and Denmark, and we are always glad to see Danish farmers at the Royal Show and other events here.

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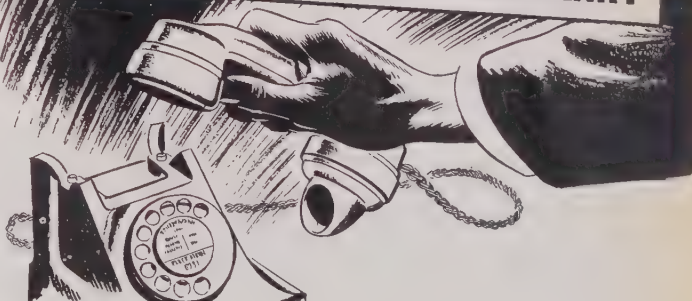


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NEW BOOKS

ART'S INESCAPABLE PERILS

Reviews by HOWARD SPRING

KATHRINE TALBOT has translated from the German of H. H. Pars a book called *Pictures in Peril* (Faber, 25s.). This title hardly describes the contents, for not only pictures, but all sorts of things that artists have made are here considered in relation to the dangers that beset them with the passing years; and much here has nothing to do with the perils of pictures or anything else. The association of Michelangelo with Pope Julius II is, strictly, outside the scope of the book's title, and only a sceptical outlook would put the career of Joseph Duveen within it. Yet these and many other extraneous matters help to swell the volume, which is, in

individual whom one would expect to cherish what he destroys. Manet's widow stored one of her husband's paintings in a shed, where it deteriorated so badly that she used it to light the fire. The owner of a painting by Toulouse-Lautrec cut it up so that a greater profit might come from selling the pieces. The pieces were scattered all over the globe when some admirer of Toulouse-Lautrec heard of it and began to collect the fragments. The administration of the Musée des Beaux-Arts bought the reassembled picture for 400,000 francs.

The conquerors in war sweep up the treasures of art, as Napoleon did in Italy, taking the very ring from the

PICTURES IN PERIL. By H. H. Pars, translated from the German by Kathrine Talbot

(Faber, 25s.)

THE PAST IN PIECES. By P. E. Cleator

(Allen and Unwin, 21s.)

GOA: ROME OF THE ORIENT. By Rémy, translated from the French by Lancelot C. Sheppard

(Arthur Barker, 21s.)

fact, discursive talk about any art matter that comes into the author's mind, with especial reference to the destructive consequences of men and time.

It is too much to expect that art should endure when exercised on the grand scale of architecture, which sometimes embraces a whole city within a common conception. Architecture is a cannibalistic art. It consumes its ancestors. The stones of abbeys become manor houses, and the stones of manor houses become barns. Throughout the East the ruins of antiquity become the sheds of shepherds, and the mighty pillars of dead cults are sawn into millstones. Perhaps it was this thought of inevitable dissolution that led men not so long ago to forestall the slow operations of centuries and construct their ruins ready-made.

THE PART OF ICONOCLASM

With smaller and more fragile things—paintings and statuary and the work of jewellers and goldsmiths—the helplessness of the object suggests to men the need for an especial care. To some men, that is: to men who have such matters at heart whether because of reverence or cupidity. But there are other sorts of men, and there is the corrosion of time, and "pictures in peril" is a phrase of unceasing significance. Iconoclasm plays its part, as Mr. Pars makes clear. The Puritan view expresses itself with torch and sledgehammer, and again and again in human history it has surged up and wiped out with a lurid completeness. "It was all over very quickly. Less than a hundred people devastated in a few hours a church of seventy altars, after St. Peter's in Rome one of the largest and most beautiful of churches." So it goes; we knew it here under Cromwell's saints. The individual, as well as the mob, can do the deed, and often enough it is an

finger of the Pope and sacking the tomb of St. Filippo Neri because the body was in a silver coffin. But this is dispersal rather than destruction, though much is lost or damaged on the way, and ships loaded with loot of this sort have often enough gone down. War both inspires art and destroys it, and seeing that art is a continuing expression of the human spirit, it is inevitable that it should sooner or later meet the fate of transient human things.

Anything, literally anything, may put a picture in peril. When a man walked into the Louvre the other day he himself, it seems, did not know that something would impel him to throw a stone at the Mona Lisa; and with what expectation of increasing the sum of human happiness did Mary Richardson attack the Rokeby Venus with a hatchet because Mrs. Pankhurst, no doubt thus realising an ardent desire, had been put into gaol?

SHOOTING AT LEONARDO

To lash out, especially if a weapon is at hand, is a tendency of human beings, happily suppressed more often than not, or sublimated by throwing pebbles at a tin can bobbing on the waves. There have been other targets. A great clay horse on which Michelangelo laboured for years was in Milan when French troops entered the city. The archers used the clay horse as a target. Later it disintegrated. In this same city of Milan in 1796 French troops were quartered in the monastery that contained Leonardo da Vinci's *Last Supper*. "An English traveller of the time," says Mr. Pars, "records that the soldiers liked to fire their rifles at Leonardo's figures, and especially at the figure of Christ."

These are some of the odd human impulses that are not good for works of art; and Leonardo suffered, too, from Madame de Maintenon's distinguished sense of shame. It was



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REVIEWS by HOWARD SPRING—continued

offended, she complained, by Leonardo's *Leda*. At her request the picture was burnt. It would appear to be true that what seems the most transient and destructible, the written word, is the most durable, and that Shakespeare was right:

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments

Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme.

ARCHÆOLOGY AS A SCIENCE

The tendency to have a shot at anything unusual comes out clearly, too, in Mr. P. E. Cleator's *The Past in Pieces* (Allen and Unwin, 21s.). Writing of the Great Sphinx of Gizeh, he tells of its vicissitudes throughout uncounted years and adds that by the 19th century "the head of the monument, which had suffered successive acts of mutilation by both Moslem and Mameluke (who used it as a target for musketry practice) was sadly disfigured."

This is a most readable book about archæology, which is but newly a science. Not long ago the monuments of antiquity were rifled and mauled for the treasures they might contain; but where men once looked for things they now look for history. Admirable techniques have been established. Even now, Mr. Cleator says, deceit and double-dealing may frustrate the scientific worker, incredible though this may seem in what he calls, with a fine flourish of optimism, "these days of universal enlightenment and international understanding."

To find sermons, or at any rate history, in stones is the digger's aim, sifting the dust of æons, moving down through layer upon layer, each revealing the placid or turbulent time whose tale is read there. Flood and fire, the catastrophic lava-rain of volcanoes, or the seismic shock that tumbles a civilisation into a ruin: these are the things the archæologist looks for and finds, sometimes assisted by the word written on clay cylinder or papyrus or engraved on stone. And here, often enough, the incurable destructiveness, thievery and general rascality of the human race gets in the way. Concerning the Egypt of the Pharaohs we have this: "One of the interesting facts that then came to light was that high up on the list of despoilers of ancient buildings must be placed the pharaohs themselves. The inscriptions show, both directly and indirectly, that those revered monarchs did not hesitate to mutilate or demolish the monumental handiwork of their predecessors, either because of religious fanaticism, or as a matter of expediency, or even out of personal pique. . . . Many a noble building was ruthlessly torn down, and the debris quarried as a convenient source of stone."

THIEVES IN THE PYRAMIDS

As for thievery: "Although, when it was unearthed, it was clearly and unmistakably evident that the tomb of Prince Nofremaet had not been opened since the burial of its owner more than 4,500 years before, it was nevertheless found to have been thoroughly rifled, in all probability, as Wainwright has suggested, before the family mourners arrived home from the funeral."

Work on the site of Troy, work in Crete, in Greece, in the land of the Pharaohs, in the old territories of Persians and Assyrians, among the vast monuments of Incas and Mayas: all comes under survey, and we see

how great is the debt of knowledge to those who, for hardly a century, have been working along the lines of the new science. "Well said, old mole! Canst work i' the earth so fast?" Fast enough. A lot of fact has been established and a lot of fancy overthrown.

THE STORY OF GOA

Goa: Rome of the Orient, is by a French journalist who signs himself simply Rémy. It is translated by Lancelot C. Sheppard (Arthur Barker, 21s.). The story of the founding of Goa, mainly by Albuquerque, of its splendour and wealth and decay, is pretty well known. What is not so well known is what Goa is like to-day. It is rather in the news at the moment, now that the Indians, very conscious of anti-colonialism, are beginning to ask what this bit of Portugal is doing half-way down the western coast. "Anti-colonialism" is a childish word expressing a childish wish. Children tend to think they know better and can do better than those who have taught them their A B C, and their impetuosity in seeking to rid themselves of their instructors is not always wise, though often understandable. No doubt, there is a case to be made out for Goa going on as it has done in the past, and I hoped that Rémy would make it out. It was disappointing to find that he has not tried very hard to do so. He has not made me see Goa as it is to-day. I can't visualise, through him, its streets and the daily life in them, and the reasons which the citizens hold on to as the explanation of the present situation.

The book is little more than a recounting of Portugal's ancient glory and its reflection in Goa. One has a feeling of *parti pris*. Everything was right, is right, and ever shall be right. This is the sort of thing. Albuquerque attacked the Moors at Muscat. He ordered that "each prisoner's nose and ears should be cut off. The fact that the Moors thus treated their Christian prisoners does not appear to us a sufficient excuse for such behaviour; but Albuquerque was inspired neither by cruelty nor sadism; the *capitão-mor* desired simply that his arrival at Ormuz should be preceded by a wave of terror."

In other words, though it is not right to do an atrocious thing because the Moors did it, it is right to do it because you want to do it yourself—because you "simply desire" to have your own way and be the big noise in those parts. This sort of odd reasoning abounds, side by side with an insistence that it was all in the interests of "bringing so many pagans to faith in Christianity."

LIGHTER THAN AIR

IN his introduction to *Balloons* (Ariel Press, 25s.), which reproduces twelve engravings from 1780 to 1820, C. H. Gibbs-Smith warmly advocates these "charming and entertaining objects." They were quiet and peaceful, and their rotund shapes formed excellent centre-pieces for an artist's composition. The engravings are well reproduced and gaily coloured; they include the first flight of the Montgolfier balloon in 1783, the first cross-Channel flight in 1785 and one of the first aerial stunt-men, the Frenchman Margat, who flew mounted on a white stag. The balloon is now used only as a toy or to carry scientific instruments into the stratosphere, and these engravings are a pleasant reminder of the days when it was a means of exploration and adventure, and a work of art.

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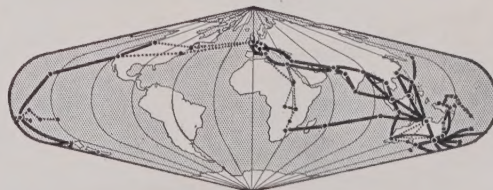
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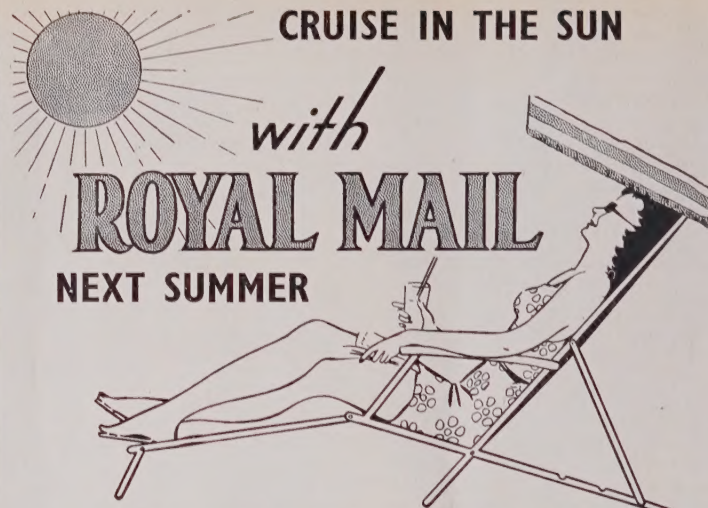
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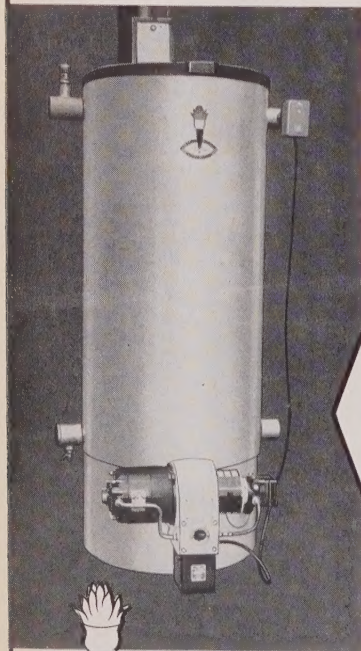
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FOR THE SPRING



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(Below) A straight-cut multi-coloured flecked tweed coat with a wide flat collar nicked on either side (Sumrie)



Double-knit wool jersey makes a three-piece in a cyclamen pink and grey flecked mixture. The top is sleeveless; the jacket has tabs with buttons on the shallow pockets (Deréta). Striped silk travel hat in pink, grey, black and white, (Rudolph)

SPRING suits from the model wholesalers will be in spate in a short time and the couturier shows will be held at the end of the month. Various influences have been at work on the styles with the prevailing theme that of a rejection of angles and a liking for curves. The outline is narrow with jackets shortened and skirts lengthened, but there are several interpretations of this basic formula. On versions of the Dior suits where the skirts have been lengthened very noticeably, the short jackets indent the waistline and are frequently collarless with a jabot of chiffon or organza. Shoulders are curved and drooping with sleeves set in low, well below the shoulders, and they are plain and often bracelet-length.

Other suits, still with narrow shoulders, keep both the jackets and skirts straight. Fabrics for this type of suit are altogether firmer and smooth of surface, even among the tweeds. Jackets are often nicked at the hems, and this is an embellishment that is seen in particular on the shorter jackets of the Dior-inspired suits that are nicked, or scalloped, on the hems of their very brief basques. For them, tweeds of the most pliable textures are the favourite fabrics, with linens and slub mixture weaves to follow on for the summer. The long skirts are pleated into the waists without creases.

Pleated skirts are also shown with both sorts of jackets, also with a more classic, longer jacket, the shoulders of which are squared, but without padding. Smartest pleated skirts are the ones in fine worsted where only five or six wide box-pleats make the entire skirt. But the closely pleated skirt is retained. In his ready-to-wear collection Hardy Amies varies the all-round pleats by deep knife-pleated hems, placed at the back of the narrow skirts. On checked tweeds panel backs are created by two wide box-pleats. All the skirts in this collection are lined with silk.

Grey is present in all the suit collections, but is mostly reserved for the worsteds. Among the tweeds, compact checks and pick-and-pick mixtures are being shown in two neutrals; also many plain tweeds and self patterns in pastel pinks, blues and yellows. Colour is more usual than the milk white of last

summer, but that also keeps its place in tweed and also in the taut heavy double-knit wool jerseys that are now being knitted in this country. Dereta show charming semi-fitting jersey suits and also three-pieces with long matching coats hanging straight and matching the suits. With straight jackets the jersey may be lined with plaid or a second strong colour, and it makes a useful little jacket for wearing over dresses or odd skirts. Pastels are blended with grey or mushroom in these jersey ranges, or a good strong colour is favoured when there is only a monotone.

FURS are worked on the same curving lines as the suits. On mink and beaver jackets the collars are stranded to fall away from the throat in ripples, a most becoming line. These jackets are hip-length and hang square at the hems. Shoulders are narrow and sleeves set in well below, just like a tweed. On a three-quarter coat of wild mink, Bradleys put a shoulder yoke at the back that is formed of two up-curving sections that cross over, and this makes a pretty layered effect. A long mink coat keeps to the fashionable narrow contours and looks very smart, falling straight from the shoulders and with a narrow plain collar. Furs are mixed once more—a white



A coat in ribbed wool knitting in a pale lilac has wider ribbing on collar and pocket flaps. It has three-quarter sleeves and is ideal for the Riviera or cruising (Rima)

(Right) A laced walking shoe in brushed calf is mushroom brown (Bally)



vamp with the buckle in between the strap and the vamp, or crossed straps also in front reaching up to the instep. Very delicate colours are shown and some of the old-fashioned fuchsia kids and pearl greys. A bronze kid with a little bow and bronze beading is charming. A white satin court slipper shows the same contours with a leaf-shaped tongue in front that is embroidered with pearls.

For less formal occasions the Italian slippers are more elongated than ever before, elegant in buttermilk kids as well as all tones of blue. Some of these have completely seamless vamps—most comfortable and a fine example of craftsmanship. For the older woman or someone of a difficult size there are a group of hand-sewn shoes in fittings of treble A to C. A laced shoe of a pleasant shape has a medium heel not too incurved and a beautifully light vamp.

Many-stranded necklaces made from light glistening beads in graded blues or icy whites have been designed for this spring and they are worn as chokers or look as large as ruffs in their bulkiest form. The fretted gilt bracelets and necklaces are charming, and so are deep gilt bracelets that slip on like a slave bangle. Chandelier earrings for evening come elaborately interlaced and tasselled. Brilliant made up as a large heart-shaped clip are for day-time. They are matched by cluster earrings. Shoe buckles that can be clipped on to plain court shoes are large and square and solidly set with rhinestones.

P. JOYCE REYNOLDS.



Jumper dress in coral-coloured bouclé wool with a V-shaped neckline that can be buttoned or left open (Holyrood)

(Right) Blond-coloured shoes. The suede one is trimmed with paler-coloured calf and has a medium heel; the calf one has a higher heel and is in two tones (Brevitt)

